

## CAN THE ANGLO-CATHOLICS UNITE CHRISTENDOM ? <sup>1</sup>

WHEN Bishop Gore wrote "If anything is certain, it is certain that visible unity in the Church of His disciples was the Will of Christ. If so, to a horrifying extent we have departed from His will:"<sup>2</sup> he stated a truth and made an admission that should be a preliminary condition of, if not a real step towards, the return of dissident Christianity to Catholic union. With him, most of the Christian bodies are agreed that visible unity in His Church was and still is the will of Christ. All who call themselves Christians would welcome such manifest unity if it could be brought about without any sacrifice of conscientious convictions. "Mala fides" and external union would be a poor substitute for "bona fides" and the lack of intercommunion. The end, desirable in itself, would not justify compromise on matters that men regard as articles of revealed doctrine, even though their views are mistaken. Nor would it justify any artificial and insincere external unity such as might be purchased at the price of subscription to formulas designed to admit of different and even contradictory interpretations. A modernist has said, "A creed when accepted by any branch of the Church must not imply that every member of it accepts in a literal sense every article of the creed; it must express a general loyalty to the Church and to its Divine Head, and a recognition of general unity in fundamental belief."<sup>3</sup> Again, "There is no one and certainly no member of this Conference [of modern Churchmen] who could accept the Nicene or Apostles Creed literally and completely in the sense intended by those who formed these creeds."<sup>4</sup> Unity secured by the acceptance of such principles might increase the number of "united" churchmen, but it would only be brought about through the destruction of the Catholic Church. And that, as we Catholics know, can never take place.

The League of Nations, it has been truly said, sadly needs a soul. Christian civilization in its widest sense requires, for its own preservation and development, the general recog-

<sup>1</sup> The substance of an address delivered before the Nicene Society at Oxford.

<sup>2</sup> *Catholicism and Roman Catholicism*, p. 44.

<sup>3</sup> *Modern Churchman*, September 1, 1921, p. 329.

<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.*

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nition by all Christians of that one Body designed by Christ to perpetuate His message, so that a single conscience may guide its aims and actions. A united Church embracing all of the Christian name in one organic whole would speak to the world with immensely increased power.

To hasten that consummation, if possible, and to clear the way for the discussion of the question that heads this paper, let us state clearly the nature of the various divided elements which it is hoped one day to unite with the single organism of the Catholic Church, an organism which Christian theology proclaims to be animated by the Holy Spirit of Truth. Our view as to the prospects of such final union will depend on the clearness with which we visualise the *differentiæ* of the sects that it is proposed to restore to communion with the Church.

In the world to-day there are two great bodies whose continuity with primitive Christianity is undisputed, one whose continuity is a matter of controversy, and a large group whose existence as distinct bodies admittedly began in the 16th century.

Let us briefly describe these societies :—

(1) The Pope rules over a universalistic supra-national yet international society. His claims to supremacy and infallibility are admitted by more than 294,000,000 subjects.<sup>1</sup> The constitution of this Church in its essential form is part of her dogma. She "believes in herself" and insists on all her children accepting her own account of her origin, mission and constitution. She is essentially dogmatic and in consequence she is intolerant of scepticism in her disciples. She could never accept the Modernist theory of the use of Creeds without ceasing to be herself. It would be an act of suicide on her part to become "comprehensive" or tolerant as is the Anglican Church. A Catholic who expresses disbelief of any one of her defined doctrines is anathematised and excommunicated, for in denying that doctrine he denies the Church to be Christ's infallible messenger. To despise Her is to despise and reject the truthfulness of Her founder, Jesus Christ. Hence Her doctrines are not merely one or two "fundamentals," "central and few," as Dr. Gore says, but "all the things whatsoever (He) commanded her to teach." This body comprises about 48 per cent of all Christians.

(2) "The Orthodox" is not a "unified" body in the

<sup>1</sup> The following figures and facts are borrowed from a recent address by the Professor of Ecclesiastical History at the Maximilian University, Munich.

sense in which the Catholic Church is a body but is split into about a dozen national churches resembling each other in doctrine and ritual. Each church is independent and autocephalous. The Patriarch of Constantinople is hardly a chairman, certainly in no sense the "head" of the Eastern group, for he has no authority to teach or govern outside his own Church. Hence the various Eastern orthodox Churches are individualistic, national and as the testimony of history proclaims them to be, extremely Erastian, with all the abuses and failings that Erastianism connotes. There are about 136,000,000 "orthodox" Christians making up about 22 per cent of Christendom..

Both the Papal Church and the Orthodox have, however, the same basic conception of the Church: they believe it to be a *visible* society divinely instituted and taught by the Spirit of God. Both cling to the sacrificial priesthood and episcopate as of divine institution and as essential to the Church's constitution. With the exception of the doctrine of Papal supremacy and the Procession of the Holy Ghost, both are practically agreed in their teaching. Of the two, the Orthodox is perhaps the more conservative, regarding the further definitions of the Councils held after the schism as heretical innovations and rejecting the development of doctrine as understood by Rome. Each of the two proclaims itself to be the *whole* Church of Christ.

Between these two and the group of Nonconformist Protestants we may place, for purposes of classification, the Anglican Church. It approximates to the first group in that it holds that the Church must be a visible organization having the hierarchy as part of its essence. This characteristic is sometimes described as the "Catholic" aspect of Anglicanism. But when Bishop Gore speaks of the English Church as a "liberal Catholic" Church, he stresses her resemblance to the other group, for he recognises that her "liberalism" consists in the absence of inquisition into the faith of the individual members of the Church. Her ministers are obliged to subscribe to a formula of faith, the 39 Articles, but such subscription has long ceased to be any indication of the doctrines held or preached by Anglican ministers. Her pulpits are found to be occupied equally by men who teach the Catholic catechism minus the Papal claims and by men of the extreme modernist type who teach an utterly different Christianity, indistinguishable from Arianism. There is no claim to infallibility in Anglican teaching. "Anglo-Catholics" pro-

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pound the "branch" theory of the Church, but both Rome and Constantinople agree in rejecting that novel conception of Catholicism. Taking 26,000,000 as its membership, it is  $4\frac{1}{2}$  per cent of Christendom, but it is not possible to say exactly what part of this  $4\frac{1}{2}$  per cent belongs to each of the three Church parties now to be enumerated.

The Anglican Church comprises three main parties: (a) the High Church and Anglo-Catholics, who repudiate the title "Protestant" and teach doctrines approximating closely to those of Rome; (b) The Low Church Evangelicals, who are proud of their Protestantism and hold most of the doctrines which the 16th century reformers popularized, which the Council of Trent condemned and the High Church party repudiate as heresies; and (c) The Broad Church, a rationalistic and modernist party, whose numbers are recruited with increasing rapidity as greater freedom for unbelief has been won in the last half-century. Unchecked Biblical criticism has been and is the most fruitful cause of the growth of this party.

(3) The third great division in Christendom is the "Reformed" Group of Churches. Its members for the most part deny the visibility of the Church. The private interpretation of the written word of God is the common source of its varied Faith. It denies the Episcopate as of Divine institution and generally rejects the "priestly" idea. The subjective element in its determination of its faith necessarily predominates, and the multiplication of its sects is the natural result. There were over 200 Nonconformist sects in England in 1890 and 235 in Germany in 1907. When the "World Mission Conference" assembled at Edinburgh in 1910, 160 Protestant sects were represented at the meeting. There are about 100,000,000 members of these Protestant Reformed Sects (16 per cent. of Christendom). To them must be added the 60,000,000 Lutherans (10 per cent.).

The task of uniting these Christian bodies into a single corporation is one that seems hopeless, inasmuch as every approach by Anglicans to Nonconformity is a step away from Rome and the Orthodox, and every approach towards Constantinople and Rome increases the distance from the avowed fundamental Protestantism of the Sects. Protestantism would have to sacrifice itself and nearly all it stands for before it could reunite with those against whom it was born to protest. The unchanging intransigence of Rome stands in the way of reunion; but if Rome abandoned her divine dogmatism she would cease to be Rome and there would be left upon earth no



Church of Christ teaching with His infallible authority. Consequently we cannot be surprised that all efforts at uniting Christendom have so far effected nothing substantial.

The "World Conference on Faith and Order" assembled at Geneva in 1920, shortly after the 6th Lambeth Conference, which had brought together 254 English and American bishops. At the Geneva Conference 137 delegates representing 40 nations, sat under the presidency of Bishop Brent of New York. There were present five representatives of the Orthodox Church. The Conference only revealed and emphasized the deepest contrasts with regard to the theory of Church constitution between these various bodies. Bishop Gore, who was present and whose personality preponderated in the discussions, admitted at the close of the Conference that a careful and exact discussion of the *real* problem, viz., the Episcopate, was yet to be made. A continuation committee of 53 members was appointed to prepare for the 1925 "World Conference" which is to assemble at Washington,<sup>1</sup> but one needs no abnormal prophetic gift to be able to forecast that the conclusions of the 1925 Conference will be but a "reinforced echo" of the Geneva Conference of 1920.

Most of the leading Orthodox, with certain notable exceptions, see no prospect of reunion with Anglicans because of concessions made by the Anglican Church to Nonconformists. The Russian Archbishop Antonyi of Kiew expressed the view of most Orthodox theologians when he said: "The only possible form of union among Churches is dogmatic union, nay, complete dogmatic union. This is only possible through the return to the bosom of the Orthodox, that is, the only true Church." Substitute "Rome" for "Orthodox" and you have the same uncompromising proclamation which is made by the Pope to the divided sects throughout the world. The divine Episcopate is an insurmountable barrier to Nonconformist and the complete dogmatic agreement demanded by both Rome and the Orthodox bars the way to Anglicans.

Let us now turn to the particular point of the prospects of union between Canterbury and Constantinople. Readers of the *Church Times* have had this held before them as a possibility, nay, even as an event probably not very far distant if things continue to move in the direction in which, according to that sanguine paper, they seem now to have set. The recent acceptance of the validity of Anglican orders by the autonomous

<sup>1</sup> If, as it is hoped, the Vatican Council reassembles at Rome in that year the contrast between the two will be very interesting.

Churches of Constantinople, Jerusalem, and Cyprus is regarded as of good omen for the much more important step of inter-communion between Anglican and Orthodox. This recognition of their Orders is described by the *Church Times* as "only a preliminary step to ultimate reunion, as all sincere Christians hope and pray; but it is a very important one."<sup>1</sup> *Church Times* readers are reminded that "indiscriminate inter-communion is not rightly possible until the two Churches have proclaimed an act of dogmatic agreement."<sup>2</sup> Very true, and this need of previous dogmatic agreement was noted carefully by the Patriarch Cyril of Cyprus in the very communication which announced his acceptance of the validity of Anglican Orders. It had previously been insisted on in the Report of the Delegates from Constantinople who were invited over to England for the Lambeth Conference of 1920.

If only the Anglo-Catholic "Declaration of Faith," which, we are told by the Secretary of the English Church Union, was placed in the hands of each member of the Synod of Constantinople at the time of its deliberations on Anglican Orders, was really an expression of the common faith of English Churchmen and faithfully rendered the meaning of the official formularies of the Anglican Church this "act of dogmatic agreement" might conceivably take place. But—in the words of the Anglican Bishop of Durham—"that declaration is not only destitute of any authority but conflicts sharply with the official doctrinal standards of the Church of England."<sup>3</sup> And he goes on to say: "The Synod of Constantinople was deliberately misled by the Anglo-Catholic statement of doctrine. The whole spirit and drift of that statement are quite out of harmony with the English formularies."

The Bishop of Durham has at least as much right to be regarded as an exponent of the official teaching of the Anglican Church as the Anglo-Catholics, for he is the duly appointed ruler of one of her dioceses; whereas the Anglo-Catholics are declared by their own organ, the *Church Times*, to have no voice in the government of their Church. Apropos of the

<sup>1</sup> *Church Times*, May 18, 1923.

<sup>2</sup> The following quotation from "English Catholicism of the See of Rome," a pamphlet by the Rev. F. Hood, Librarian of Pusey House, takes an even more optimistic view of the prospects of reunion all round through Anglo-Catholicism. "I believe that the greatest hope for this generation lies in the reunion of non-papal Catholics throughout the world. Perhaps it is not an exaggeration to say that this is already in sight. When that is an accomplished fact we shall be in a far stronger position to treat with the great patriarch of Western Europe; and we hope and pray that ultimate reunion will be reached on the basis of a constitutional papacy."

<sup>3</sup> *Edinburgh Review*, April, 1923, p. 129.

debate on the Prayer Book Revision, the *Church Times* complains in a very out-spoken leading article:—

Anglo-Catholics have no representative on the bench of Bishops. . . . At present we are entirely without spokesmen in the house of Bishops. . . . It is permissible to suggest that the Church in these provinces will never be what is called in the Navy "a happy ship" until there is at least *one* bishop on the bench who can speak of Anglo-Catholicism with inside knowledge. . . . : It seemed to be tacitly assumed that 'we' (the Bishops) and 'they' (Anglo-Catholics or the extreme men) were in the order of nature two distinct and mutually exclusive bodies. This was not the case with regard to the Evangelical school of thought, of which several Bishops professed themselves to be members.<sup>1</sup>

Yet it is this unofficial and unrepresented element in the English Church, the Anglo-Catholics, who step forward and usurp the function of the Episcopacy in order to explain to the Orthodox what the Anglican Church *really* stands for! Let me remind the reader of the chief headings of their "Declaration of the Faith of the English Church," presented to the delegates from Constantinople: "Notwithstanding individual departures from the Faith of the undivided Church of Christ in the Scriptures, handed down by the Holy Fathers and traditions of the Church, re-affirmed and safeguarded by Oecumenical Councils, this faith has not been forsaken by the English Church." They enumerate the seven Sacraments and say—"We adhere to the custom of calling these seven rites specifically sacraments." They claim to have apostolic orders—"With the purpose that we should offer the unbloody Sacrifice of the Eucharist for both the living and the departed," and "Sacramentally absolve sinners who repent and confess their sins . . . We hold that by consecration in the Eucharist, the bread and wine . . . are changed and become the true Body and true Blood of Christ. We hold that Christ thus present is to be adored."

Honour to Our Lady and the Saints and prayers addressed to them, the use of sacred images and prayers for the dead are other doctrines and practices of devotion which they put forward as doctrines and practices of the Church of England. Lest any misunderstanding should be caused by any Orthodox theologian having heard of the 39 Articles, they add: "We account the 39 Articles of Religion as a document of secondary importance concerned with local controversies of the 16th Century and to be interpreted in accordance with the Faith

<sup>1</sup> April 4, 1923.

of the Universal Church of which the English Church is but a part."

Would any honest blunt English Churchman of the normal type recognise this description of the Establishment of which he is a baptized member? No bishop holding an appointment in the Church signed this document, and one, as we have seen, emphatically repudiated it. Bishop Gore, who retired some years ago from the bench, was the only signatory of Episcopal rank. How, then, could the Orthodox be expected to accept it as proof of identity of doctrine between the Anglican Church and theirs?

Mr. Lloyd George has sometimes been blamed for having, during his Premiership, "rigidly banned all Catholics" in his selection of bishops for the Church of England. If so, he merely followed Anglican public opinion. Before the Anglo-Catholics can secure Bishops of their own thinking, the Church of England must be disestablished and its surviving members so permeated with Anglo-Catholic views as to possess the dominant voice in the election of their bishops. Meanwhile the party has to be content to be officially inarticulate: official Anglicanism merely tolerates them and is very far from endorsing their views.<sup>1</sup> On the other hand, Evangelicalism and Modernism have every right to speak officially for the Church of England, inasmuch as they are represented among that body with which alone both Rome and the Orthodox would naturally deal if the matter of corporate unity ever came to be discussed officially between the Churches. This the shrewd Easterns know very well. Let us recall the definite attitude taken up by the Orthodox representatives in their Report<sup>2</sup> to the Synod of Constantinople after conferring with the Anglican Bishops at the Lambeth Conference of 1920, and studying the friendly advances of the latter to English Nonconformity. They tell the Anglicans in plain terms that before re-union can take place the Anglican Church must be other than it is. And thus the practical question arises as to whether the Anglo-Catholic party can so completely transform the Church of England as to bring it into line with Orthodox requirements.

While with us the true member of the Church, who continues in organic union with the whole, must accept the whole of our teaching,

<sup>1</sup> The writer is reminded of a remark made by an Anglican friend to a convert to Rome on the day of his reception into the Church. "What a comfort to find yourself of the same religion as your bishop!" If the matter be probed more deeply it will be seen not to be a matter of mere comfort.

<sup>2</sup> A masterly dissection of this Report and a clear exposition of its significance by J. V. McNabb, O.P., appears in *Blackfriars*, August, 1922.

share canonically in the Holy Sacraments and believe in lawfully settled ecclesiastical principles; in the English Church, men differing from each other in faith, not in things indifferent and non-essential, constitute one undivided whole. To however great an extent, in conformity with our mission, we were inspired with the most friendly feelings and the warmest zeal for a new approach, *we could not agree to views of such a nature without abandoning the foundation on which our Church is built* (Official Report, p. 11).

They thought "it would not be offensive to propose the general abolition of the 39 Articles," but recognizing that these Articles are embodied in an Act of Parliament, and that until disestablishment only a revision of them is possible, they declare "This revision being *invested with a competent authority* would evidently supply in great measure the place of a final abolition of the Articles." (*Ibid.* p. 13.)

With regard to these demands, the *Church Times*<sup>1</sup> said recently, in a leader criticizing a book which deduced from them the conclusion that re-union with the East is at present and for many years to come quite outside practical politics: "There is nothing whatever in the first . . . the Orthodox doctrine of the Church, and very little in the third, the 39 Articles."

Nothing whatever in the demand that the Church of England should "accept the whole of Orthodox teaching," and very little in the demand that the 39 Articles should be abolished or at least "revised" to express that teaching! Why, the Anglo-Catholic party have so far found it impossible to get even an alternative revised Prayer Book. To attempt to get their "Declaration of Faith" accepted as the official creed of the Establishment would be to attempt the impossible, till they have won over both Modernists and Evangelicals to full Catholic truth as they understand it. This they have not even begun to accomplish.

Evangelicals are not prepared to give up their right of private judgment, to accept a true propitiatory sacrifice of the Mass, a Real Presence following on a real change in "the elements" after Consecration, prayers for the dead and to Our Lady and the Saints; nor would they give up their rooted objection to sacred images to please the Orthodox and win inter-communion with them. They have a conscientious objection to these doctrines. Nor will the Modernists be prepared to go back to the old idea of a Creed as a formula expressing what one really believes. They are not prepared to part with their

<sup>1</sup> April 6, 1923.

"perfectly human non-miraculous Christ,"<sup>1</sup> a Christ who only claimed to be God's son "in the moral sense in which all human beings are sons of God."<sup>2</sup> They will be unwilling to exchange their disbelief in the Virgin birth and the Bodily Resurrection of Christ for the Orthodox and Catholic faith in these foundation-miracles of Christianity, for they prize their rationalistic freedom of thought more than any intercommunion with the old Churches. The modernist believes himself to be more primitive than Rome or the Eastern Churches and he thinks and speaks of himself as the only one who really knows the truth about Christ. Modernism, rampant and unrebuked in the Church of England, has shown clearly what that Church stands for in reality and the Orthodox have seen the truth in this matter. The *Church Times* commenting on Mr. G. K. Chesterton's conversion to Rome, blames modernism for the catastrophe. Modernism *did* bring it about—along with the Grace of God. It showed him that the Church of England could not possibly be a part of the Catholic Church in that modernism—that "congeries of all the heresies," could flourish in it unchecked and modernist bishops could hold office in it without any risk of being excommunicated by their fellow bishops. It is just this spirit of tolerance and the comprehensiveness of the Church that reveals her to be merely a Protestant Sect and no part of that Body of Christ in which His Spirit of Truth dwells, the Body to which He promised "I shall be with you all days even to the end of the world."

Hence, we conclude that the Anglo-Catholic hope of union with the Orthodox Church is doomed to failure. The Orthodox are too proud of their title to ally themselves with those who nourish the Arian heresy in their bosom.

We may further observe that corporate union, *vi verborum*, must take place between Churches as complete bodily entities, not between fractions or parties in the Churches. Before joining the Orthodox, the Anglo-Catholics would have to secede from the Establishment and isolate themselves from the modernism and "Protestantism" which they very properly repudiate. Thus, in spite of the suavity and politeness of the Orthodox, real communion with the East—like communion with Rome—would only be obtainable by *submission* to the East. An alliance or federation is perhaps conceivable in the remote future between Canterbury and a still further debased Constantinople, but a real union—no !

Whether union with the Orthodox East on such terms

<sup>1</sup> *Modern Churchman*, September 1921, p. 197.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 276.



would be worth much is a question that is debated still in Anglican circles. There is a group of Anglo-Catholics who look rather towards what they consider the real Mother of their Church, and who feel quite rightly that a Western Church tacked on to an Eastern Patriarchate is an anomaly. Many, moreover, are less sure of the invalidity of the Papal claims than was the case some years ago. Individual Anglicans clear up their mind on the question. By God's grace and guidance they submit to Peter's successor and at last find themselves at peace and certainty in the sheepfold of Christ. The vast majority of the 11,000 to 13,000 converts received annually into the Catholic Church in England come from "Anglo-Catholicism." But there is no more immediate prospect of corporate union with Rome than with Constantinople. Rome demands more and she has more to give in return. Meanwhile each individual Anglo-Catholic has his soul to save by following the guidance of his own judgment till it puts him in touch with that Divine Teacher which is still on earth if the promises of Christ hold good. Bishop Gore's threat may hold some back. "Have you a right," he asks, "by an act of your private judgment, to prefer the Roman argument to the argument against the exclusive claims of Rome, which seems to some of the best and wisest men to be conclusive." (Catholicism and Roman Catholicism: Lecture III.). Anglicans have not only a right but a duty to follow their private judgment in this matter, for neither Bishop Gore nor their own Church claims to be their infallible guide to the Truth of Christ. Once they find that guide they will rightly and gladly permit her to do for them what she has done for Catholics in every era of the Christian age. She will *teach* them and, listening confidently to her they will hear the voice of Him who said "He that heareth you heareth me."

The hope of corporate unity with the Catholic Church whose centre is at Rome has kept many Anglicans in the past from individual submission, and is keeping many to-day. It is only charitable to state and restate the fact that union means entire acceptance of the doctrine and authority of the Church of St. Peter. Whether concessions might be made in such matters as a vernacular liturgy or a married clergy may be lawfully discussed but whether to secure unity Rome would abate one jot of her defined doctrine or derogate from the universal jurisdiction of her supreme Pastor, is wholly beyond the range of discussion. To wait for Rome "to be other than she is," is in view of this fact to trifle with grace.

FRANCIS WOODLOCK.

## GLORIA MUNDI

**T**URNING a busy corner of a thriving provincial town, I came upon him unexpectedly; and stared—I have no doubt—long enough for rudeness.

A stranger, seeing him, might conceivably have passed him by without a second glance. And yet, I scarcely think he would. His briskness and his erect bearing would have compelled admiration; while his complexion—rosy as a Jonathan apple—might have led such a one to classify him as an open-air man: a real old English gentleman, with a fine indifference to dress and an obvious enthusiasm for dinners. A man, obviously, not city-bred, but used to country lanes and fields.

And so the stranger would have passed on, envying the old gentleman his jovial health and leisure, and wondering how would the world deal with *him* at that age: not, perhaps, without suspicion that enemy gout or lumbago would let him down rather badly.

I paused for a different reason.

I recognized the old gentleman as a sadly-fallen angel: one to whom, but a month ago, the whole town had paid homage; one who had been hurried hither and thither to banquet and bazaar, to business and Bench, to church and chapel; one whose comings and goings the local press had gossiped about every morning; and whose speeches were the best possible "copy."

And yet, for a month or more, they had not had a word to say about him. He had been ostracized. He was a god dethroned.

He was the late Mayor.

Now, to be Lord Mayor of London is to challenge comparison with Whittington, whose fame pantomime so jealously preserves. It is not easy to live down Whittington; and except for the transient glory of the Show what chance has a living Lord Mayor to outrival him? Who, indeed, ever hears his name? He is merged into a long line of Lord Mayors. While he wears the chain he is simply Lord Mayor of London—like any other Lord Mayor of London—except, of course, Whittington.

In this town it is different. It is just big enough to boast

a Mayor, and still parochial enough to preserve his identity. Sometimes, it has a Liberal Mayor (who, curiously enough, is apt to be a little conservative); alternatively, it has a Conservative Mayor (who, paradoxically, is always very liberal); but only once, so far, has it elected a Labour Mayor. And this is the gentleman at the street corner.

He was quite the most popular Mayor the town has had, and the most individual, and he is the only mayor whose character I, at any rate, would wish to portray.

His striking appearance no doubt helped him; and his eyes—merry and magnetic—impelled attention. He had only to confront an audience to win a hearing. He had, moreover, what is unusual in Mayors—beautiful silver hair. It was the kind of hair one sees mostly on the heads of genial old canons of the Church. And when one sees it on a canon, one feels at once that it is exactly the kind of hair that marks a man out for a Canonry.

Providence, no doubt, meant the Mayor to be a canon. The world willed otherwise. The world, in fact, decreed that he should go to work in a factory at that incredibly early age when all the great ones who have "got on" in the world: the millionaires, the Beef Kings, the Corn Kings, the Steel Kings, and the Bully Kings . . . also went to work.

I rather fear he was too dense to be a king of any kind: even a factory king, for the deplorable truth is that, at the age of seventy, he was still a "worker."

None the less, though the world had treated him rather scurvily, he, at least, and, at last, had had a laugh at the world's expense; for he undoubtedly held the Mayoral office for a whole year.

It was a happy change from the factory to that greatest of civic dignitaries; and he never seemed to have quite forgotten it. Naturally, he had not attained it without effort. For years he had represented, in his free time, the Labour interest in the town council, and earned such a reputation for honesty that when his party was deemed capable of nominating a Mayor he was the obvious choice.

People who had at first trembled lest such a representative should bring the town in disrepute, spoke of him as one of "Nature's gentlemen": presumably in contradistinction to one of their manufactured gentlemen.

As Mayor, he was a tremendous success.

He had a great gift of adaptability. He had the knack of sizing up his audience and talking accordingly. He talked easily . . . naturally. He never attempted to talk above himself: never gave himself Mayoral airs. And he never dropped his aitches: a horrible habit of which Mayors are frequently guilty.

I have seen him preside at functions given in honour of Learned Men. I have seen the particular lion of the evening get ready to be bored when the Mayor arose to deliver the address of welcome, prepared (as usual) by his clever secretary. And I have watched him—not without a smile—prick up his ears when he realized that this unconventional Mayor was talking out of his own (and not his secretary's) head and delivering the most penetrating *obiter dicta*.

And in justice to the Learned Men, I must add that they have invariably gone out of their way to pay him a better compliment than they usually keep in pickle for such occasions.

Again, I have seen him hustled away to some quite different gathering, such as a reunion of Old Boys, where he would forget all about the intellectuals he had just left: deliver a delightfully apt speech and outdo them all by his out-and-out Old Boyishness.

He should, of course, have been made Mayor in perpetuity: and probably would have been had the townsfolk had their way; but it happened that the Tories had been preserving a particularly portly Alderman for the office, and so, after the usual compliments, he found himself disenchained.

The speech he made on leaving office is still remembered for its excellent temper.

It had been the jolliest adventure of his life and he had enjoyed it hugely. He chuckled over the prodigious dinners he had had and the strange deference that had been paid to him.

And when it was all over he went back to his work again; for, as Mayors are not yet pensionable and the party funds are few, there was really nothing else for him to do.

Indeed, when I saw him at the street corner, he was walking briskly, heel and toe, bound, in all probability, for his bench. Not *the* Bench, of course; but still a bench: and in its way, quite as honourable a one.

The change from workman to Mayor and back again had

indeed all the elements of fantasy. He might have been a Mayor of fairy-tale; and that, I am sure, was how he regarded himself. And when the clock struck twelve, he was back again in the old clothes, doing the old arduous tasks. Only, unlike sulky Cinderella, he does them gaily and laughs at his fleeting liberation. Perhaps he is not doing quite the old tasks, for I rather suspect he has been promoted a little, which is, after all, only reasonable; for a man who can lord it so well over a town should at least be able to lord it well enough over a workshop.

Still, it seems a pity that he has lost *all* his glory. Something might have been left to him. I cannot help thinking there should be some provision made for "retired" Mayors: not the pauperish (if princely) kind made for retired Lord Chancellors; but something much grander.

He should at once be made a Freeman of the city. He should not suffer the precipitous fall from Everybody—to Nobody. He should have an occasional column in the newspapers. He should be invited out to an occasional dinner of Bigwigs—and Old Boys. He should figure prominently in public processions, wearing a chain only less gigantic than the great Chain of the prevailing Mayor. He should, in short, play the part of pointer in the Plough. He is not the Pole Star, but he is in the direct line of it; and he is superior to a pointer in that he has indeed shone for a period with all the glory of the Pole Star himself.

The difficulty, of course, is that one wishes most Mayors to vanish utterly with the speed of a comet. It is only the very few whose lustre is so brilliant that we want to preserve it.

His certainly was.

ALFRED J. BROWN.

## NINIAN WINZET

### PRIEST AND SCHOOLMASTER.

This noble ensample to his sheep he gaf  
That first he wroghte and afterwards he taughte.  
—Chaucer.

THESE are those who tell us that the Scots have never suffered for their holy Faith; there are those who tell us that Scotland has no martyrs, no confessors, very few saints; there are those who tell us that the Scots were never persecuted as the people of neighbouring countries were persecuted. To the Scots then of to-day, who preserve still untarnished and unsullied their glorious heritage of Faith, whose ancestors were executed, drowned, imprisoned, impoverished, driven to hide in the hills and glens, driven to bay in the dark entries and closes of the cities, exiled to lands far away from their beloved country, whose abbeys and churches and towns were put to universal destruction, to them, though it may not staunch the hurts, though it can never suppress the indignation that rises in their hearts, it is at least some relief, to find, that, to-day, the names of some, at least, of those our glorious forbears have survived and triumphed over the ages of calumny and detraction, malice and persecution, and dark and sinister ignorance. One of the greatest of these names is that of Ninian Winzet, priest, schoolmaster, writer, and for all his life one of the undismayed champions of the Catholic Faith in Scotland.

Contemporary writers are unanimous in their praise of his upright life, his wide and varied learning, and his never-ending and undaunted zeal in defence of the Catholic Religion. Among its champions he holds a foremost place, and his arguments on behalf of her doctrine and discipline still remain unanswered. Learning, indeed, seemed to have been a passion with him, and of him, truly, it can be said

He never ceased to learn, until he ceased to live.

But we have a surer index to the character and life of Ninian Winzet than even the praise or dispraise of his contemporaries, and that is in his own writings. Deeds may be presented in many lights but a man's writings are a human document, in which more can be read than is written, and therefore his *Tractates* and other books are doubly valuable



to-day. He was born in Renfrew in the year 1518. He himself tells us so, for on the title page of his book *Certane Tractatis* he styles himself

Niniane Winzet, ane Catholic Preist, borne in Renfrew.

He graduated Master of Arts at the University of Glasgow. At least, it is said that he did, and that is most probable. We cannot always, of course, at once, pass by inference from "It is said" to "It is," yet, "It is said" has an undoubted critical value under due conditions, and in this case we can almost be certain. He had been a particularly brilliant student, and was even at that early age a man of great learning and erudition, so that it is not astonishing to learn that at the early age of thirty-four, he was appointed Rector of the Grammar School at Linlithgow and Provost of the Collegiate Church of St. Michael there. Linlithgow at that time was a burgh, large and influential, ancient and royal, and this, therefore, was a very important appointment for so young a man. It was a favourite residence of the Scottish monarchs and was the birthplace of James V. and of the most tragic figure in the history of Scotland, Mary its queen. It was also a centre of ecclesiastical influence. Within the town Dominicans and Carmelites had houses, the military order of St. Lazarus had a hostelry, and the Knights of St. John had tenements. The beautiful parish church of St. Michael with its numerous chapels and altars was a deanery of St. Andrew, and James V. chose it as the chapel of the Knights of the Thistle. When the court, attended by the nobility, gentry and superior clergy, resided in the palace, and the Councils of the Church and State met within the burgh, it must have been a stirring scene of national life. It was in the grammar school there that Ninian Winzet was rector. Pre-Reformation schools were under the jurisdiction of the Church and were of various kinds and the masters were remunerated out of "kirk-rentis," special scholastic endowments, the "common good" of the community, or school fees. Winzet, when he was appointed Rector, devoted himself assiduously to his profession of teaching and his efforts were crowned with success. He tells us himself in his *Tractates*, that

I judged the teaching of virtue and science to the young, to hold the third place after legal authority and the angelical office of holy pastors, and most commodious and necessary to the Church of God. Yea, so necessary did I think it that the charge and office of the prince and prelate, without it, is, in my judgment,

wondrous painful and almost insupportable and little commodious to the Commonwealth and to unfeigned obedience and true godliness, when the people are rude and ignorant; whereas by the help of it the office of all potentates becomes light to them and pleasant to their subjects.

It is very gratifying to know that the profession of teaching had so far back as the year 1559, so distinguished and enthusiastic a member as this secular priest, Ninian Winzet. He was an independent thinker, he "spak frelie, without fier," and from the time he left Glasgow University till the time he died, he never ceased to "teach" by word and example, in the Schools of Scotland, in the University of Paris, and in the Monastery at Ratisbon. In the summer of 1559, the "rascal multitude" which had destroyed and defamed the sacred edifices from Perth to Edinburgh, fell upon and destroyed the churches of Linlithgow. On the 28th of June, John Knox and the Lords of the Congregation passed through the burgh and it is probably on this occasion that Winzet challenged Knox to public conference. It could not be credited that so able a scholar and so persistent a polemic would permit the triumphant Knox to pass through without challenging him, then and there. Leslie is emphatic that "the two defenders of the Faith met and disputed," and this was probably the occasion. He was constantly assaulting publicly the creed of the Reformers while he was resident in Linlithgow, and is notable for a particularly spirited defence of the doctrine of prayer for the dead. Immediately after the establishment of the Reformed Church, ministers, sheriffs, and other public servants, who refused to conform to the new Faith were ejected from their offices, by order of the General Assembly. Then under a similar edict all teachers were expelled. Hewison says that "Winzet, being a popular man, may have held out till July 1561." Then hope revived among the people with the arrival in August 1561, of Mary, with all her brilliant court from France, and with her unwavering ambition and intention to revive in Scotland the ancient faith of her fathers. We are told in the life of John Knox<sup>1</sup> that "the people had not forsaken the time-honoured faith," and the young queen grasped the situation boldly. Mass was said again in Holyrood, and that desecrated fane, where Protestant soldiery stabled their horses and strewed the bones of kings, once more gleamed with the light of religion. Winzet tells us that this was a

<sup>1</sup> McCrie, p. 173.

beacon to the clergy who re-appeared out of their extreme poverty in which "almaiste losit without ony mercy of man" they were compelled to worship their God "in kirkzaird, chalmeris, barnis, middingis, and killogeis." Winzet, himself, was expelled from Linlithgow and sought refuge in Edinburgh. On 2nd October, 1561, the Protestant magistrates of the City issued a proclamation, ordering all priests to leave the City under pain of severe punishment. The youthful queen with courageous promptitude deposed the daring Provost and the bailies and caused their places to be filled by "more respectful lieges." Then René Benoist, the queen's Confessor, whom she had brought with her from France, entered into the lists with Knox and his associates. But the interlude soon ended and the volatile Frenchman retired. Knox began again to daily thunder against the young "Jezebel," as he dared to call the Queen, and the capital was riotous, when another and stronger man than Benoist stepped into the arena. Ninian Winzet was speedily recognized by all as one of the ablest apologists for the doctrines and institutions of the Church. His professional training helped him and gave him greater facility in handling the questions of the day, and, as he had never been one of the "dumb dogs," he could speak fluently and well and was eager to engage the Reformers. In this way his *Tractates* originated. His *Buke of Four Scoir Thre Questions* was addressed to Knox, but though Knox referred to these questions in his pulpit utterances he never gratified his opponent by a written rejoinder. We may readily believe that he was unable to. Then he wrote the *Three Tractates*. In the first *Tractate* addressed to the Queen, her Pastors, and nobility, Winzet writes with characteristic courage and candour. The lives of the higher clergy were scandalously at variance, there is no doubt at all, with the teaching and laws of the church, the greed and rapacity of the nobles were largely to blame for the terrible condition of things, and the laymen were apathetic and indifferent. Winzet says "Since all men have this word Reformation in their mouths wishing to reform others, let them remember there is one person that every man has just occasion to reform and that is himself." There is no doubt that the circulation of the *Tractates* and the *Buke of Questions* created no ordinary impression on account both of their opportuneness and their intrinsic merits. Their frank admissions gave them weight in the minds of those as yet of undecided opinions, they rallied and encouraged the Catholics, and they irritated beyond measure the Re-

formed Preachers. Claude Nau testifies "Ninian Winzet produced a volume of questions touching upon every religious subject which all but silenced the ringleaders of the heretics."

He was now well known at Court. We find him at Holyrood, arguing upon the great religious questions then occupying the minds of all. It may have been that he held an appointment in the Royal Chapel, for Randolph writing to Cecil on December 7th, 1561, refers to several chaplains that were "at the Mass at Holyrood." Hewison tells us that some years later when in imprisonment in England, Mary in a letter designated Winzet "*meum confessorium*." But his name is not on the lists of her personal attendants in England and at the time she wrote the letter, 1578, she was forbidden priestly ministration, so these circumstances suggest the supposition that Winzet was associated with or succeeded Benoist in Holyrood. Benoist left Holyrood in 1562 and Winzet was "espellit and shott out" from Leith some time afterwards. There is, too, a sentence in the MSS. of the Monastery of Ratisbon which suggests that he held an appointment of this kind. It is this:—

"Quem hinc etiam Maria Scotiae Regina, et Sanctissima procul dubio Dei martyr, in confessorium suum legerat."

About this time he finished his book *The last blast of the Trompet of Godis Worde*, in which he shows how divine punishment overtook those who unlawfully assumed priestly functions, and lays down the principles which underlie the election and ordination of priests and bishops. John Scot, who had a small printer's shop in the High Street of Edinburgh, was printing it when information was given to the civil magistrate, who swooped down immediately, intending to capture the author. They destroyed the printer's apparatus where the book was, thus accounting for the very small fragment which remains. All that exists to-day is five leaves, the last of which breaks off abruptly in the middle of a sentence. John Scot was superintending the passage through the press when he was apprehended and flung into prison. The author, though actually on the premises, escaped. It was his last word in his native land, for pursuit of him was now so desperate that he fled from Leith in 1562. The Papal Nuncio, Nicolaus Goudanus, had been at court and every port was being watched for him. A ship bound for Flanders was waiting about the coast for him, and they both made a very daring and narrow escape and reached Louvain in September 1562. Winzet

at this time testifies to his poverty in the pathetic outcry—

Och, for mair pennies.

Archbishop Beton, nephew of the famous cardinal, Mary's ambassador in France, and the friend and patron of every exiled Scotsman, came to his assistance and obtained a post for him in the University of Paris where he taught for some time, beside other distinguished Scotsmen also in exile for their Faith. He was elected Proctor in 1567 and continued to lecture in the University, to engage in studies, and to write books in defence of the Religion for which he had been persecuted and exiled.

In 1570, he left Paris at the call of Mary, Queen of the Scots, to come to her at Sheffield where she was a prisoner. Hewison says "he was taken into the royal service, but in what capacity it does not appear, although it is to be surmised it was as her confessor. He does not appear to have performed the duties of this office." Then he was sent to join Bishop Leslie, Mary's ambassador to Elizabeth, in London, and these two learned and holy men devoted themselves to the study of Hebrew and the Sacred Scriptures and, when other books and documents were required, Winzet went off to Cambridge with characteristic energy and found them. In 1571 Bishop Leslie was imprisoned in the Tower of London, and Ninian Winzet, who could be of no further use to Mary or to Leslie, returned to Paris where he took up his interrupted work at the University. Being a notable man, he was still a prominent cause of concern to the Scottish Government, as an act of Privy Council shows. Hopeful yet of the complete revival of the ancient Faith, the exiles on the continent kept up a secret correspondence with their friends in Scotland, so that their influence was still so serious that the Privy Council issued from Holyrood in 1573 a proclamation against "diverse of the borne subjectis of this realme," amongst whom were Archbishop Beton, Bishop Leslie and Mr. Niniane Winzet.

He left Paris in 1574 and in his insatiable pursuit of learning went to Douai, where a University had been founded in 1560. A document preserved in the archives of the See of Westminster shows that he was now in his fifty-seventh year and was pursuing the regular curriculum of theology at Douai in 1574 and had become a licentiate in 1575. In the autumn of that year, he went to Rome, and, though a very poor man, still his fame as a scholar and a teacher and a champion for Catholicism preceded him to the Vatican where he was received

by the Pontiff. While there the news of the death of the Abbot of Ratisbon was announced, and Gregory XIII. issued a Bull dated at Rome on the 13th of June, 1577, instituting Winzet Abbot of the Benedictine Monastery at Ratisbon. But he was a secular priest ! Consequently the Pope dispensed with the regular novitiate requisite in the Benedictine Order and commanded Winzet to assume the habit, to make his religious profession and to be instituted Abbot. Thus, this quondam secular priest found himself invested with the privilege of mitre and pontificalia and with abbatial jurisdiction. Winzet commenced his duties with a prudence and moderation becoming so learned a man, and one who had suffered so many hardships on account of his faith. Before leaving Rome he received a faculty, dated 1st August, 1577, for absolving and reconciling to the Church Scottish heretics and schismatics. Thus in his sixtieth year the Abbot set out for his monastery. When he reached the cloister in the quaint old town of Ratisbon, there came forth to meet him, from the ruinous precincts of the once famous Abbey, a solitary monk and a single novice. The ravages of the so-called Reformation had not left Ratisbon untouched. But from the day of the arrival of the resolute Father Abbot, the monastery grew and flourished, and in a few years, a fervent community of Scottish monks, in exile like their Abbot for their Faith, filled the cells of the ancient house. Abbot Ninian re-opened the public seminaries and an excellent education was given to Scottish youths, whose parents were ready to brave the risks of banishment and confiscation of property and fines that their sons might be educated in the religion of their ancestors. He restored the old Scottish methods of education and devoted himself personally to the supervision of the higher subjects, and also superintended his brethren in their teaching of the lower branches of learning. He never lost his zeal or faculty for teaching. To the end he taught and lectured, and though history does not record it, there is no doubt, he prayed unceasingly for the country he loved so well, and would never see again, to the Master he had served so faithfully.

When he was seventy-five years old, the learned and pious abbot died, still unwearied and zealous and full of kindly sympathy, loved, honoured, and missed by all. But posterity has not been duly mindful of him.

J. L. GORDON.



## SOME PHYSICAL PHENOMENA OF MYSTICISM

"THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."

**I**F in discussing at an earlier time<sup>1</sup> the problem of incorruption I was inclined to regard the phenomena so often observed in the bodies of saints as inexplicable by mere coincidence, it may be confessed that the analogous wonders recorded concerning the behaviour of their blood after death weighed with me much in forming that opinion. Many of these stories are of ancient date. In the account given by Paulinus, the biographer of St. Ambrose, concerning the discovery of the body of St. Nazarius, he declares that the martyr's blood after the lapse of many years was seen to be "as fresh as if it had been shed the same day."<sup>2</sup> Similarly, St. Ambrose himself states that when the bodies of SS. Gervase and Protase were dug up, "very much blood" was found. Abbot Einhard, the biographer of Charlemagne, whose credit as a veracious chronicler stands high, declares, being himself an eye-witness, that when a translation of the remains of SS. Marcellinus and Peter took place in his own monastery, they exuded blood for several days,<sup>3</sup> though the martyrdom had taken place 500 years earlier. There are a good many similar statements in Carolingian documents, some of them obvious fabrications, others made by authorities normally regarded as trustworthy. Still, it does not seem worth while to gather up evidence so remote which must always suggest many doubts, if only from the uncertainties which beset the process of transmission.

One example, however, belonging to the close of the twelfth century, seems worthy of notice, partly because it is an English example and partly because it rests on testimony which is undoubtedly contemporary and for most matters quite reliable. The Saint in question is the hermit St. Godric of Finchale. He died on May 21, 1170, and his life was

<sup>1</sup> See "Incorruption," in *THE MONTH* for April, May and June, 1921; and cf. "The Absence of Cadaveric Rigidity," March, 1920.

<sup>2</sup> I have quoted the whole passage in *THE MONTH*, April, 1921, p. 342.

<sup>3</sup> *AA.SS.*, June, I., 181.

written by his devoted friend and neighbour, Reginald of Durham. Godric, who must have been over 90 and had been bedridden for nearly eight years, passed away at dawn, and a full description is given of how the body was sewn up in various wrappings leaving the feet exposed. The news of the death of the holy man soon got wind, and certain personages of distinction (*nobiliores quidam*), with other less important folk, crowded to the hermitage before the day was out to beg for relics.

Under such constraint, we are told, his religious brethren were induced to cut away the nails from the toes, and "cutting rather too deep, the blood gushed forth, just as from a living man, so that the crimson flood besprinkled the hands of him who used the knife, although the dead body had long before grown cold, for it was now getting towards dusk and he had died at early dawn." Indeed, as the chronicler explains, at nine o'clock the next morning, when they were on the point of committing the body to the grave, a drop of fresh blood still showed on the toes, and a devout client, long afflicted with a disease called "anatrope"—this seems to have been an inability to retain any food, probably hysterical in its origin—was instantaneously cured upon contact with the blood when he kissed the dead Saint's feet.<sup>1</sup>

Although the effusion of blood here spoken of, some thirteen or fourteen hours after death, could not safely be described as without a parallel in medical experience, it certainly seems to be very unusual. For example, we are told by a high authority that in general after death—incisions fail to cause bleeding. Exceptions may be met with, *e.g.*, apparent bleeding may occur in extreme cyanosis, or when at a later period development of gases in the trunk expresses blood from the trunk into the extremities.<sup>2</sup>

Similarly in Taylor and Smith's *Medical Jurisprudence* we read:

Blood coagulates more slowly in the dead body than in a vessel into which it has been drawn during life or after death. The blood may remain fluid in the vessels in a dead body from four to eight, or even as long as twelve hours after death. It rarely begins to coagulate until after the lapse of four hours; but if drawn from a blood-vessel and exposed to air, it coagulates in a few minutes after its removal.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Reginald of Durham, *De Vita S. Godrici* (Surtees Society), pp. 328-329.

<sup>2</sup> T. Shennan, *Post-mortems and Morbid Anatomy* (1912), p. 13.

<sup>3</sup> Taylor and Smith, *Medical Jurisprudence* (1920), Vol. I., p. 420.

There seems to be no object in attempting to follow any chronological order in the illustrations of post-mortem hæmorrhage which I propose to give in this article. So we may conveniently deal here with the case of St. Catherine of Bologna, whose incorrupt body, though now very blackened and unsightly, has been preserved intact down to our own day. St. Catherine, the abbess of a community of Franciscan nuns, died on March 9, 1463, at the age of 49. According to the custom of the Order she was buried in the ground, without any coffin, only a few hours afterwards. Almost immediately a remarkable fragrance was perceived in the place where she was interred, and when miraculous cures were wrought there, the nuns began to doubt whether they ought not to have treated the body of their saintly abbess with more reverence. After eighteen days the confessor of the community gave the Sisters permission to exhume the body. The face was crushed and dirtied by the soil, but after the remains had been reverently washed and cared for, it recovered all its beauty and rosy cheeks replaced the pallor of death. Other marvels also happened, and Illuminata Bembi, who succeeded Saint Catherine in her office of Abbess, has left in the account she wrote at the time such details as the following:

On Good Friday, feeling a devotion to see the precious remains, and having obtained our confessor's permission, we opened the sepulchre [in which they had now been honourably enshrined] and on lifting up the silk veil which covered the virginal body, we found it quite bathed in sweat; while we were wiping it with linen cloths it exhaled a most agreeable odour. One of the Sisters seeing a little bit of skin, which hung from one of the feet, pulled it off, and instantly red blood flowed out from the place, as if the body were alive. . . . On the night preceding Easter we again opened the sepulchre, and what was our joy and surprise at seeing one of the eyes a little open and appearing quite beautiful; a moment afterwards the other also opened a little. When morning came the saint appeared more beautiful than ever; her forehead seemed to shine, her face was red as a rose and a mild light filled her eyes, which were quite open. . . . Three months after death, she twice bled at the nose so copiously as to fill a cup with the blood.<sup>1</sup>

It must be confessed that there are many things in the Life of St. Catherine of Bologna, written a century and a

<sup>1</sup> Grasset, *Life of S. Catherine of Bologna*, Oratorian Translation, pp. 467-469.

half after her death by Father Grasset, which must strike the reader as very extravagant. The story there told in another chapter of the vocation of Leonora Poggi is in particular quite incredible. But the account abbreviated above is an insertion, a piece of first-hand evidence by an eye-witness who, even if fanciful and credulous, can hardly be suspected of deliberate fabrication. The change of colour in the face after three weeks, and the bleeding at the nose after three months, might possibly be caused by the existence of "hypostases," or accumulations of uncongealed blood; but Taylor and Smith, in dealing with similar phenomena, speak of a few *days*, not of weeks and months. "Shifting of an hypostasis," they say, "may cause a reddening in the face of a body which has been dead three days."<sup>1</sup> I have no doubt that many of the curious post-mortem hæmorrhages and strange flushings of the countenance, recorded in hagiographical documents, are due to hypostases, for I have noticed that these phenomena almost invariably occur after the corpse, in being transferred from one place to another, has been exposed to violent joltings. But the bleeding of a body in its extremities a month after death, and the persistence of these hypotases for weeks or even years without any sign of putrefaction is undoubtedly a matter for fuller investigation. Nothing can be more certain than the fact that the body of St. Catherine, fully exposed to the air, was kept for a time in the same by no means roomy chamber in which the nuns sang their Office and spent a notable proportion of every day in prayer. For two years they acted as if she were still their Abbess and elected no successor. A little later the body was placed seated in a recess where through a grating it looks upon the High Altar, and though blackened and shrivelled, it remains in the same position to this day. Grasset declares that for more than seventy years the nails of her fingers and toes grew like those of a living person and used regularly to be cut, but he adds that in his own time (1620) this growth had long since ceased, as the extremities of the body had become hard and dry.<sup>2</sup>

But our concern is with the phenomena connected with the flow of blood from dead bodies, and it is to be noted that, though this type of manifestation is far less common

<sup>1</sup> *Medical Jurisprudence* (ed. 1920), I., 285.

<sup>2</sup> AA.SS., March, Vol. II., p. 81 \*g.

than that of the absence of rigor, the number of alleged instances is still very considerable. In the majority of cases this flow of blood has been occasioned by an attempt to cut away some portion of the flesh, small or great, to preserve as a relic. The Life of St. Francis di Geronimo, the Neapolitan Jesuit, who died in 1716, provides a good example, seeing that we have here the depositions made under oath during the process of Beatification by the persons principally concerned. The lay-Brother, John de Giore, who, when giving his evidence three or four years after the event, was 48 years of age, tells the following story. It had been his duty to clothe and lay out the body of the Saint for burial.

Father Francis breathed his last about ten o'clock in the morning. His holy body remained soft and flexible and his face appeared much more beautiful than if it had been that of a living man. No one could have been afraid of it, and so I, though I have a horror of corpses, stood close to him and moved and clothed the limbs with my own hands, feeling nothing but delight and consolation all the time. There were two other Brothers helping me, and while we were trying to make him keep his hands upright and a little apart in order to receive and hold a chalice between them before carrying the body into the church, the arms and hands being perfectly limp, kept falling back when we had set them in their place. So I said to him: "Father Francis dear, keep those hands of yours quiet just as I put them," and in fact the hands now remained as I arranged them, without falling down as they had done twice before. Then a pious thought occurred to me, and together with the other two Brothers, one called Peter Miglietti, who is now dead, and the other, Francis Sala, we determined to cut out the corns which he had on the soles of his feet in order to keep them as relics. This we began to do, but in cutting the first corn—it was under the right foot, if I mistake not—blood began to flow, bright crimson blood, in such quantities that we had to use a number of cloths to mop it up, besides collecting two ounces of it in a little basin; and it would not stop running, for all the efforts made to check it by bathing it with *acquavita sflemmata*. In fact, as I have said, it went on flowing from about half-past ten until seven in the evening, in such a way that devout people dipped a multitude of little cloths in it, and in particular the handkerchief of the Signora Principessa della Roccella Cantelini was so dipped, and I have heard since that she preserves it with great veneration in the casket in which she keeps her jewels.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> A. Muzzarelli, *Raccolta di Documenti spettanti alla Vita del B. Francesco di Geronimo*, Rome, 1806, pp. 262-263.

Now, although there is nothing extraordinary in the fact that an incision made in the foot half an hour after death should be followed by bleeding, I think it will be admitted that the continuance of this bleeding for eight or nine hours would be regarded as a most unusual occurrence, even if the trickle from the wound was very slight, as may have been the case here. It is in any case noteworthy that many of the witnesses speak of the extraordinary fragrance which during the three days before burial proceeded from the body and from the handkerchiefs steeped in his blood, as also of the flexibility which allowed the Saint's hands and arms to be freely moved by those who could get near the bier.

A very similar case is that of Sister Maria di Gesù, who died at Angelopolis in Mexico on June 11, 1637, aged 58. She passed away, we are told, at three in the afternoon, and the body was clothed and laid out a little more than three hours later. No death-pallor settled upon the features, the limbs remained perfectly supple, a wonderful fragrance made itself perceptible and a copious perspiration exuded from the face, which moisture, though constantly wiped away with handkerchiefs, continued until the body was laid in the grave. Sometime after midnight, one of the nuns, bent upon obtaining a relic, ventured secretly to cut off one of the toes, whereupon the blood flowed in abundance, and though she endeavoured to absorb it with linen cloths and then to catch the stream in an open vessel, it continued to trickle, until the nuns applied an astringent powder and prayed for the flow to cease.<sup>1</sup>

As previously stated, the blood prodigies connected with the wounding of the bodies of saints are very numerous and belong to all periods. A contemporary Latin Life of St. Silvester, Abbot of Monte Fano, who died in 1267, recounts how a woman who came, 48 hours after he had expired, to venerate his remains, and attempted secretly to cut a portion of flesh from his foot, was detected by the stream of blood which flowed from the wound "as copiously as it could have done from a living man."<sup>2</sup> Similarly, St. Luchesius, a Franciscan tertiary, who died in 1260, had the big toe cut from his dead body, and the operation was followed by a profuse flow of blood. The legend containing this statement was compiled before 1320, and Father Papenbroeck,

<sup>1</sup> *Vita di Maria di Gesù* (Rome, 1739), p. 249.

<sup>2</sup> C. F. Franceschini, *Vita di S. Silvestro Abbate* (Jesi, 1772), p. 224.



the Bollandist, apparently considers it a trustworthy document.<sup>1</sup> Much more remarkable, however, are the cases in which the interval of time between death and the effusion of blood is a matter of months or years. St. Peter Regalatus, a Franciscan, died in 1456. In 1492, that is to say, 36 years afterwards, his body was exhumed and transferred to a more honourable resting place. At the instance of the Spanish Queen, Isabella, the hand, or at least several of the fingers, was severed from the arm, and it is stated that from both surfaces fresh blood (*recentissimus sanguis*) flowed as from a living body, and that this discharge continued for some time.<sup>2</sup> Although the original sources from which this account is derived are not known to us, Father Anthony Daça, O.F.M., is a chronicler who had access to all the records of his Order and is generally considered trustworthy. In fact, in an epilogue appended to another work of his, the *Vida de Juana de la Cruz* (*Vazquez*), he takes very high ground indeed regarding the necessity of observing the strictest accuracy in all historical statements. Another very remarkable and apparently well attested case is that of the Dominican, Geronimo Batista de Lanuza, Bishop of Albarrazin. He died on December 15, 1624, and as he was in great repute of sanctity, there was the usual contest to retain possession of his mortal remains as a precious treasure. It will probably be remembered that, some 40 years before, the body of his great countrywoman, St. Theresa, had given rise to similar disputes. Thirty-six days after his demise the body of the holy Bishop was exhumed and found without a trace of corruption. The face had none of the pallor of death, all the joints were supple, the flesh elastic, and the veins stood out as if they were charged with blood. A strange compromise had been adopted by which the city of Albarrazin was to retain possession of the lower limbs, while the body was to find its final resting place at Saragossa. A skilful surgeon was summoned to amputate the legs at the knees. Although some effusion of blood was foreseen and ligatures made to prevent it, the precautions were quite ineffectual. It is stated that a great quantity of blood flowed, as fluid and as vividly crimson as if the operation had been performed on a living subject.<sup>3</sup> The

<sup>1</sup> AA.SS., April, Vol. III., pp. 603 c, 612 B.

<sup>2</sup> Daça reproduced in AA.SS., March, Vol. III., pp. 864 c, 866 B.

<sup>3</sup> The author of this Life, probably owing to his discussion of the matter with medical experts, insists much on the colour of the blood, and seems to be as well aware as any modern surgeon that dark venous blood, or brownish red serum with a tinge of blood might be met with under such circumstances.

biography of Launza, published 24 years later in a folio volume by Fray Geronimo Fuser, O.P., who had been his confessor, professes to give the names of 17 persons who were present at this amputation, together with that of the surgeon, and it seems certain that the writer had access to the formal depositions made by them and by other medical authorities in the process of Beatification.<sup>1</sup> One would have liked to see the actual terms in which the faculty gave their evidence, but unfortunately these documents are not reproduced in the Life, and the process of Beatification is inaccessible to me. There seems, however, no reason to doubt the substantial accuracy of the statements made. When the body, thus deprived of its lower extremities, arrived at Saragossa four days afterwards, the face was found to be bleeding. It must, they conjectured, have received some injury in the joltings of the transit. But there was still no trace of corruption, and the blood which flowed was fluid and crimson, like that of a living man freshly shed.

Very similar, but in my judgment much less well attested, is the story of the severed arms of St. Nicholas of Tolentino. It is narrated that they were cut from the venerable and incorrupt remains of the Saint in 1345, forty years after his death, by a lay-Brother who intended to carry them off to Germany, but that this sacrilegious act was the occasion of a stupendous flow of blood, which led to the discovery of the outrage and the arrest of the thief. What is more remarkable still, the two arms thus recovered, having been enshrined at Tolentino in precious reliquaries, it is averred that they continued to emit blood at intervals during the space of three hundred years and more, these effusions being regarded, for the most part, as portending some calamity. The evidence for the original prodigy at the severing of the limbs is certainly not satisfactory, but there can be no reasonable doubt that from the two arms, venerated at Tolentino as those of St. Nicholas, a curious exudation of a red fluid, described as "blood," did take place from time to time during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. In 1699, this discharge seems to have continued pretty constantly for four months together, and the effusions of 1671 and 1676 were also noteworthy.<sup>2</sup> Pope Benedict XIV., in

<sup>1</sup> For all this see Geronimo Fuser, *Vida del Ven. y Apostolico Varon, Don Fray Geronimo Batista de Lanuza* (? Zaragoza, 1648), pp. 283-288.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 290.

<sup>3</sup> See N. G. Ceppi *Il Sangue Miracoloso, etc.*, Rome, 1725, pp. 124, 126, 140.

his famous treatise on the Beatification and Canonization of saints, accepts the marvel as an authentic fact and apparently pronounces it to be miraculous.<sup>1</sup> It is obvious, however, that the science of that age was unable to apply any conclusive test to decide whether the fluid was really living blood, or a sort of darkened serum devoid of blood corpuscles. The fact seems to be that even modern science knows very little of the histology of a cadaver in which normal putrefaction does not take place.

On the whole, it must be said that the instances of the effusion of blood after death chronicled in our hagiographical records are fairly numerous, and that they differ widely as to the time at which the phenomenon has been observed. In the case of St. John of the Cross, the contemporary and friend of St. Theresa, we are told that his incorrupt body was exhumed nine months after it had been consigned to the tomb. On this occasion before it was restored to its resting place—

The prior, at the request of Zevallos, cut off one of the three fingers of the right hand which held the pen when the saint was writing, that he might give it to Doña Ana as a proof of the story he had to tell. The hand was full of blood, and the blood flowed as freely as from the hand of a living man.<sup>2</sup>

A still longer interval is recorded in the case of the Franciscan Saint, Pacifico di San-Severino. He died on September 24, 1721, and in his case, as in that of so many other ecstatic saints, there was the usual fragrance and complete absence of cadaveric rigor, down to the time when burial took place. More than four years later his body was disinterred; when it was found quite incorrupt, flexible in every joint, and emitting a sweet perfume. In moving the body, however, an accident occurred. The head came into violent contact with the stairway and detached itself from the trunk, whereupon a stream of crimson blood flowed from the neck and bespattered the shirt of one Francesco Tarquinio, who was helping in the removal. Father Melchiorri, who wrote a Life of Saint Pacifico more than a century later, declares that this shirt was still preserved as a relic in the chapel of a noble family which he names.<sup>3</sup>

In other cases, the flow of blood followed shortly after

<sup>1</sup> *De Beatificazione, etc.*, Bk. IV., P. I., xxxi., n. 8.

<sup>2</sup> David Lewis, *Life of St. John of the Cross* (Ed. 1897), p. 293.

<sup>3</sup> Melchiorri, *Vita di San Pacifico di San-Severino* (Rome, 1839), pp. 28-29.

death, but still was judged by medical men, who, despite their very primitive conceptions of disease, had plenty of experience in practical anatomy, to be unprecedented and even miraculous. For example, St. Francis Caracciolo, the Founder of an Order of Clerks Regular, died on June 4, 1608, at 6 p.m. Three full days later it was decided to embalm the body, as it had to be conveyed some distance to its last resting place. The first incision of the surgeon's knife, to his very great astonishment, was attended with a copious flow of blood (*fluido, vigoroso e vermiglio*), while an inexplicable fragrance filled the whole room.<sup>1</sup> In the case of St. Gerard Majella, the Redemptorist lay-Brother, the interval was shorter. Three hours after his death on October 15, 1756, a vein was opened by his Superior, and "there gushed forth a copious flow of ruby blood." Moreover, two days later, before finally consigning the body to the tomb, "the Superior of the house again opened a vein, and again there gushed forth red blood that spoke of life rather than of death."<sup>2</sup> Even though in such circumstances one may be tempted to doubt whether life was really extinct, it should be said that the community and the doctors seem to have been quite satisfied upon the point. Cases of this description are fairly numerous, and without going into details, it may be sufficient to mention that a copious flow of bright crimson blood occurred when a vein was opened in the dead body of Bernard da Corlioni († 1667), a Franciscan lay-Brother, of the Capuchin Father Antonio da Modena († 1648) and Angelo di Aciri, another Capuchin, in 1739.

There is another and a rather different type of blood-prodigy connected partly with the preservation of human blood, fluid and incorrupt, and partly with its apparent ebullition. I had intended to discuss it in the present article; but it would hardly be possible to go into any detail without extending this contribution beyond normal limits. So I will end with the remark that some of the cases where blood has been drawn either from the living or the dead subject and has remained uncongealed and without any sign either of fermentation or putrescence, certainly do seem to present a curious analogy with the absence of cadaveric rigor and

<sup>1</sup> Cencelli, *Compendio della Vita di S. Francesco Caracciolo* (Rome, 1805), pp. 101-102.

<sup>2</sup> Vassall-Phillips, *Life of St. Gerard Majella* (1915), p. 178.

the freedom from normal decay which the student encounters over and over again in perusing our hagiographical records. Meanwhile, it may not be out of place to quote certain observations of a specialist who seems to have devoted considerable attention to this field of research, Professor Halliburton. He says:

The coagulation of the blood after it is shed is, in many points, similar to the stiffening of the muscles which occurs after death called *rigor mortis*. The blood plasma, is, during life, a liquid; the muscle plasma, *i.e.*, the contents of the sarcolemma is also, during life, a liquid. Both contain various albuminous matters of a complex nature. In both, certain of these proteid or albuminous substances undergo a change after death; this change is a solidification; and the solid substance is called the clot; the liquid residue being called the serum.

In the case of blood, the clot is composed of fibrine (with entangled corpuscles), and after coagulation has occurred it floats in blood serum. In the case of muscle plasma the clot is composed of myosin, and the liquid residue is termed the muscle serum.

After specifying certain conditions which prevent the coagulation of muscle plasma as well as that of blood plasma, Professor Halliburton proceeds:

This similarity between the behaviour of muscle plasma and blood plasma suggested to me that the cause of the coagulation was the same in both cases, *viz.*, a ferment action. . . . The question of the cause of the disappearance of *rigor mortis* at a certain time after its onset, is a question which I am at present engaged in investigating. The commonly accepted theory, that it is due to putrefactive changes appearing to me unsatisfactory.<sup>1</sup>

This seems to promise that science may some day be in a position to explain by natural causes the curious phenomena which we have been considering. But scientists themselves would probably be very willing to admit that at present the whole subject of the coagulation of the blood and its resolution in the cadaver is very obscure and that all theorizing is hazardous.

HERBERT THURSTON.

<sup>1</sup> Ninth International Medical Congress, Washington, 1887, Vol. III., pp. 251—252.

## PAGAN SUSSEX

But here the old gods guard their round  
And in her secret heart;  
The heathen Kingdom Wilfred found,  
Dreams as she dwells apart. (*Kipling*).

**H**ERE, in this fastness of the Rother Valley, one is as isolated as though one lived on an uninhabited island. No daily newspapers ever come our way, and I have walked for miles without meeting anything but a woodcock and a parsonical conclave of rooks. It has a charm of its own. Looking down from the heights, where the South Downs throw a line of lesser hills into the wooded gorge, one sees a wide expanse of country which rises and falls like Atlantic surge. The whole formation of the range has caught the colour and symmetry of the ocean, from whose bed it is said to have been raised in past æons. Their graceful colour holds the sea's dip and swell, perfect curves with the ivory and green opalescence of tumbling waters. In the sun they gleam chrysoprase, pearl and emerald. Every hill has its cluster of stunted furze, like wreckage thrown up by the tide, and modelled into grotesque shapes by the wind. The flanks of the hills are hollowed out by deep coombes which, in summer, raise aloft masses of green spray. Throughout the winter they are gloomy caverns of mystery and foreboding. The mist that blots out the skyline swirls and winds round the bare trees and fills the shadowy spaces with dim purple. Sometimes it hovers, like smoke from the sacrificial fires of the old pagan gods. One feels Pagan Sussex here as nowhere else. Perhaps it is the sinister woods, the silent people-less hill-tracks and the fact that one is near the territory wherein Dicul, the Irish monk, who landed at Bosham, tried in vain to convert the South Saxons to Christianity.

According to Venerable Bede he founded a small monastery there "encompassed by the sea and woods, and in it five or six brethren who served Our Lord in poverty and humility, but none of the natives cared to follow their course of life or hear their preaching." We all know that Sussex is one of the maritime counties of S.E. England lapped by the English Channel, that it reaches out and touches Surrey, Kent and Hampshire, and that it is traversed by the Downs, those famous chalk hills which have inspired



so much good verse. We know, too, that it was the last of the Anglo-Saxon kingdoms to accept the Christian faith, and that it was Wilfrid who, arriving on the coast at a time of famine, taught the people how to pray and how to fish, so that their souls and stomachs alike might be fed.

King Ethelwalch gave Wilfrid land at Selsey, the Island of the Sea-Calf, where he founded a monastery. In 711 Abbot Eadbert was consecrated first Bishop of the South Saxons and fixed his see there, where it remained until 1070, when Bishop Stigand procured its translation to Chichester.

The seed of the Faith had been lavishly sown during the succeeding centuries until the Northmen stepped in, and its landmarks cover the country, but the Reformation sent the people back to practical paganism, and at heart Sussex remains pagan still. Your true Sussex peasant has little use for novelties, religious or otherwise, and the State Church plays a very small part in his life. The ruling standards demand that he should be married and buried, and that his children should be made nominally Christians by the parish church, but its teaching and precepts touch him not at all.

Occasionally in a Catholic Church in Downland one may see, with a pleasant shock, among the congregation a man, but seldom a woman, of the peasant type. If one is curious enough to enquire how they found the Faith, the answer is almost certain to be, that they went to school at Arundel or Storrington and there re-discovered the treasure their forefathers lost; but this is all too rare an experience.

The tradespeople and "gentry" are the pillars of the Establishment, but the labourer and his kind keep away from the conventional form of worship. If he gets an attack of "religion" it is to the village revivalist he takes his symptoms. The reason is partly economic.

Luther's advice that the peasant when troublesome should be "strangled and stabbed as a man would deal with a mad dog," has had its effect in a real if milder form. As soon as the child leaves school he is destined for the fields, or, if girl, for domestic service, but for many years the younger generation have been drifting to the lights and glamour of the town, there to swell the ranks of unskilled labour and intensify the problems of rural depopulation and urban congestion. The labourer's wage makes provision for the old impossible. Filial affection is weak, almost negligible, as one would expect in a land where Christian virtues have decayed. When the young people stay at home, grow up and

marry, it is not at all uncommon for the elders to go to the workhouse. They accept their hard fate philosophically and as a matter of course. Class consciousness is a strong church-going deterrent, and instinct, if nothing else, tells the peasant that he would be out of his element among the fine folk in their broadcloth and Sunday best.

The Church as established by Parliament knows that the breach exists and is, generally speaking, utterly indifferent. Here is a keen analysis of the situation by a distinguished non-Catholic critic, Mr. E. W. Bennett, Fellow of Hertford College, Oxford:

It was one of Mr. Gladstone's least wise utterances that the Establishment provided us with the blessing of, at any rate, one gentleman in every parish. Gentleman indeed! This standard of gentility has formed one of the main obstacles to the spiritual efficiency of the Anglican Church. The general atmosphere of many country rectories is one of *paupertas ambitiosa*—the hat-touchings and courtseyings, the wagonette driven by the gardener in livery, the girls to have new frocks for the county ball, the sons to be educated as "gentlemen." Contrast with all this the social equality, personal affection and real respect which often mark the relations between a French curé with 1,000 francs per annum and his parishioners.<sup>1</sup>

How should the peasant know that the Church which redeemed the slave and prepared the way for the freedom of the serf, the Church that was the glory of his forefathers, is ready to welcome him and lighten his burden!

If he has heard anything about the Catholic Church it is to the effect that it is an alien institution, unsuited to the sturdy independence of free Englishmen. Of education, in any real sense of the word, he has none. He is a beast of burden toiling from sunset to dark for a pittance, with nothing humanizing or spiritualizing to make the way easier. His paganism is inevitable. The majority of the large towns of England are pagan, but the paganism of Sussex is different. It is not the vicious and unnatural degeneracy of the great centres of population, but as though the inarticulate dwellers among the Downs had never heard of Christ or of the meaning of Christianity. The natural man without the chrism of the Faith, and all it imparts, can be none other than pagan.

The Downland peasants are a simple and natural race, kind-hearted in a shy, clumsy way; very reticent and with some degree of that quality of gentleness and courtesy which

<sup>1</sup> *The Problems of Village Life.*

is the heritage of the peasantry of every land. They are primitive in their views and habits, as all people living close to the land must be.

The Irish peasant, the Basque and the Breton are primitive, but *their* souls have an interior illumination. Their humanity is warmer, and even their sins are usually unpremeditated and emotional. The virtues of the Sussex peasant are uninfluenced by any spiritual considerations, and his sins are ugly and cold-blooded. A glass of "owd" (old ale) is his only inspiration. Perhaps all rural England is alike. I don't know. If a people lose their faith in God, Creator and Judge, and have no Sacraments to uphold them in their fight with evil, within and without, this is surely to be expected.

True it is, too, that when England renounced the Faith she lost the capacity for happiness. There is little real joy in the lonely villages and scattered cottages of the country side. The earth is a hard taskmaster, and the old "cakes and ale" days, with their hearty joviality, so inseparably bound up with the festivals of the Church, are as though they had never been. The younger generation have their dances and whist-drives, and all the modern city-devices which pass for enjoyment, but it is no more than a superficial veneer on the reality, and does not affect the atrophied existence of the peasant class. In the glowing days of the Faith, the village was a microcosm of the nation's life; to-day it is an insignificant and parasitic fragment, deriving whatever power it has from the adjacent town.

Everything that blossomed where the Faith stood has become shrivelled and decayed. The people, dispossessed of faith, have lost, too, lands and crafts and the pride of labour. The Machine has triumphed and the fields are silent. Mile after mile of Downland lies barren and fallow. Oh! for a Christian and Catholic civilization, a humane and intelligent system of economics, a simple life and an irresistible spiritual impulse that the blind might see. There is hope. The Carthusians are watching and praying, night and day, at St. Hugh's, and the Capuchins at Crawley and Burton Park. The Mass has never ceased at West Grinstead, the Premonstratensians have raised their Priory at Storrington, and Arundel is a beacon of the Faith. The wave of prayer and supplication surges and flows. Some day it must break through the hard crust of Downland paganism and make the hills re-echo with its "Salve Regina."

LOUIS VINCENT.

## FALLEN LEAVES

### VI.

PARIS came down from his room slowly, because he wanted to be late for dinner.

The room was built high beside the roof of the great hall, and had a wide view round it. The stairs, against the outside wall of the hall, led by the bath-room he had made for himself, for he would not bathe with the rest. Its walls were red to the half of their height, and the bath, standing in the middle, was wine-red, with white lilies painted on it. On the walls were shelves for his perfumes and oils; he went in for a moment and rubbed some more oil on his hair, and tied a red ribbon round his head. Then he went on.

He wanted to be late because he had a new tunic, white, but with a black pattern stitched upon it, unheard-of. He wanted them all to see it and have indignation, for they would hold it impious; but he was the gods' favourite, and could do as he liked. His brother Hektor especially would be angry, for beyond others he stood in awe of gods, for he was very strong, and thought but a few thoughts only. Paris laughed sweetly to think of the indignation of all the lords at their meal, and of the henchmen.

Even now, he did not go in by the side-door, and descend by the inner steps into the midst of the diners, but he went right round through the Great Court hoping to find some of the women still there, pounding barley, so as to make cakes that might be roasted quickly if the diners lacked bread to their meat. And indeed there were several, running about the Court. They made noises like bats or mice when he passed, in fear of the black patterns, and their feet fled like poplar-leaves. Paris was pleased thus to have frightened the servant girls; but they halted in their flight, and stood to look at him, and they smiled from far off at him.

He entered the Hall through the front door, not raising his eyes, for without looking he knew how they all stopped eating at their tables along the walls and scowled from beneath their eyebrows as he passed. They wished to mock him for his womanish embroideries, but dared not, for he seemed as one dedicated to black infernal powers, and they had awe of him. This, too, was sweet to him, that they wanted to mock, but dared not.

He went to his table far down the hall, passing by his father Priamos where he sat near several young men that were probably his sons, and who liked to have their tables near the king's. Priamos sighed as Paris passed him, but the young men scowled.

Paris took three slices of rich pork from the server's board, and laid them carefully on the table. He used to eat with a little silver rod, to carry the meat to his mouth, but Hektor had taken it away from him; but after each mouthful he wiped his fingers on the bread and threw the pieces to the dogs. Also he would not eat his onion in one mouthful, but peeled off several of its sheaths and threw these too on the floor, and as for his cheese he grated it with his dagger into a fine powder and sprinkled it on to his wine till it floated there in a thick layer. Finally, he rose without having said a word to anyone, but having made the whole room angry, so that he felt the hour had not been wasted. He, too, could make men frightened, and hide their fear under anger; and as for the women, they loved him, and he went through all the folk having the power of gods.

"He is intolerable," said Hektor to Priamos, looking sideways at him.

"He is young; youth sees but what it sees."

"He is twenty."

Priamos smiled. By smiling, he angered Hektor.

"At twenty one is not a child," said Hektor.

"At four-and-twenty one is not very old."

"Never did I behave as he does."

"You never gave me any trouble!"

The anger rose high in Hektor's throat.

"Black tunics! He should be stripped and dipped."

"Clothes! Who could grudge him his clothes? We could not all think of those elegances . . . And with his looks . . . It is true that black—perhaps he should not have used black. May it not be impiety in the eyes of the immortals."

"I am not too pious," said Hektor stoutly, but saluting all the gods in his mind. "But I set the limit somewhere, I should hope. May there not be a vengeance upon all of us. If he chooses to make himself a victim—but may not Zeus All-Seeing swoop upon all of us. Looks! Much will his looks profit him when all Troië is clothed in death on his account."

"Would he were wed."

"Wed! That will take long. He prefers to cast shameless dog's eyes upon all. Peerless Paris! Woman-mad."

"He is so young! And dare not despise him... Not to be scorned are the gifts of Aphrodité. The maids are goddess-maddened, so bright her light in his face."

"I hate that swimming sweetness in a man. If the maids like it—they can get what they want. Let them run after him. He is not grudging."

"Jealous, Hektor? Jealous?"

But black night had settled on Hektor's forehead, though Priamos had spoken thinking that the young man cared little for the gifts of love. So he made haste to soothe him, but spoke awry.

"I have been thinking," he said, "that my little Paris has been looking with favour upon Andromaché——"

Hektor sprang to his feet and strode from the room.

"The dear boys," thought Priamos to himself. "How very young they are. They make me old to watch them."

But though he watched, he saw little, and had he seen, he could not have shifted the eternal weights.

Hektor ran lightly up the stairs to Paris's room. Paris had not bolted the door, for he hoped Hektor would follow. The air of the hot day was heavy in his head, and he could think of nothing but to enrage his brother even more.

Hektor stood still, just inside the door.

"You are intolerable," he said.

"Have I annoyed you, Hektor?"

"Do not be troubled about me. It is no matter of me."

"Alack! What have I done now?"

"It is not what you do. It is what you are, useless man."

"I was not my father. Blame the gods."

"Silence about the gods. Why cannot you act like the others?"

"Like you, you mean? Alas..."

"Silence about me. Why are you so insolent?"

"My dear Hektor," said Paris, sitting upright on his bed.

"What is the matter? Why are you so excited?"

"I am not excited. Why cannot you dress properly?"

Paris looked anxiously at himself.

"Isn't it right? I appear to be clad duly..."

"Wearing black like that! May the gods be good to us"

"I will appease the gods."

He struck the strings of his lyre.



"Lyres! Why can't you hurl the javelin? why can't you lift an axe? or shoot? Much good your lyre will do you, when you have to fight."

"Aphrodité will protect me."

"A man has no need of that goddess's gifts."

"O Hektor! what impiety! I would not dare to think lightly of such things. Besides . . . good looks do count in life . . ."

"And I may say to you," said Hektor, with a voice suddenly loud, "if I catch you making octopus-eyes at Andromaché, I will hurl you into the winds from the parapet."

Paris had found what he wanted.

"Andromaché? I waste no eyes on Andromaché. What should I want with Andromaché?"

"Silence about Andromaché."

"By all means. I did not first mention her. It is not my fault, either, if Andromaché seeks my eyes . . . All the girls . . ."

But Hektor had seized the lyre, and threw it on the ground. Paris smiled and lay back upon his bed.

"Andromaché will be only too glad to mend it for me," said he, being as yet but a fool and not knowing where Hektor's limit had been set. Hektor took him by the shoulders and shook him till his head went to and fro and his teeth chattered.

"Silence about Andromaché, I told you. She seek your eyes? If I so much as see you looking towards her, dog-face, I will give your heart to the birds to eat."

He threw Paris on to the stone floor, where he remained sitting with his mouth open, for Hektor had shaken him very hard.

But Hektor burst from the room, with tears filling his eyes, so that he all but fell from the side of the stairs into the passage, for they had no wall to protect them.

After a while Paris got up, but he found he no longer had any pleasure in his black and white tunic, and he took it off, and instead put on a less noticeable one dyed saffron. He hated the castle and all who were in it, and he felt he would like to get away from Troie altogether. He went down the stairs, but left the citadel by a postern gate. He walked down through the wooden huts of the common folk quickly, for he hated the people, too, and he hated to see how the little children did not like him, but ran away, though to Hektor they always came in crowds. Also it was impossible to breathe by the huts.

Beyond the huts there were open spaces, but these too were full of children playing in the dust which rose in great clouds, making the sky grey, yet still dazzling, intolerable to look at. Paris went down as quickly as he could to the Skamandros, where it flowed past the city northwards, to the sea. On this side, its banks were steep, and edged with elms and plane trees; but even on these the dust lay so thick that from a little way off they were as grey as everything else, and underneath them the air stood still and was not cooled. On the other side, the river had no bank, but the plain began at once, a plain that was all marsh in winter, when the river rushed eddying forward; but now it too lay dusty with feathery tamarisks upon it, and slim poplars standing up shadowy among them. Along the narrow plain not many furlongs off, low hills followed the river, shadowy too as the sun came round behind them, and they shut off Troié from the sea. That was the great westward sea, into which the narrow northern sea, that Paris wanted to look at, flung itself scarce a league further on. Paris kept beneath the trees as long as he could; they only ceased when the stream Simoeis came trickling from his right and joined Skamandros. Then the two waters hastened quicker on together. He crossed Simoeis, therefore, and began to climb the hills on its further side, going almost as in a dream, so did his head still ache, and so was the sun dazzling in the dust. Through dry stalks of asphodel that snapped as he brushed through them, and heath-tufts that scratched his legs, he climbed till he found the view he wanted, and a clump of fruit trees, where there was shade at last. He lay down.

Paris knew very well that it was best to look at many things before turning to the one thing wanted; so he rolled over and looked back to Ilios. He had come, he reflected, quite a long way, much further than he had meant to. And the goddess echoed in his thoughts, "Much further." The hill dipped quickly from where he sat, and he could not see Simoeis, but there was the line of elms, and there was Skamandros, flashing among white boulders, and there, under a veil of sunlight, was Ilios on its mound. The palace stood high above huge sloping walls, and he could even see his little room, two walls of it, each with its window, like two black points. The palace stood enormous above the huts, flung up against its base like flotsam. You could not distinguish one hut from another, in their miserable brown woodwork, discoloured

by the sun ; but the castle stood indomitable above them. Over its roofs rose distances of hills, hills beyond hills, paler and paler brown, brown and faint blues and grey, till behind them all, like a god's home, towered Mount Ida, Ida, thin under the sunlight like a ghost. Extraordinary to think of all that was behind Mount Ida . . . But his eyes came back to where Skamandros curved round the nearer hills, from behind the citadel of Ilios, vanishing, flashing, as it approached through the narrow strip of plain between Ilios and the hills to seaward. He turned over as he followed its course, till he rested on his right elbow, and then at last he could see the sight he looked for, and the goddess, touching his mind with fingers ever delicate, drove him yet further in his thoughts from Ilios. There he could see the narrow rushing water, as it swept westward to join the great sea and the sunset. Even now, he could watch ships drawn up on the beach there, in the bay at the river's mouth, ships to which the wagons, invisible in the dazzling plain, were dragging along their stuff. It was on such wagons that toll was levied ruthlessly under Ilios ; and at the corner of the bay a little castle stood so that even the ships that sailed straight, without touching lower down upon the coast, might be put out against, and not fare scatheless. Beating up against the westward rushing water, he could see two boats, plundered already, maybe, or judged not worth attacking. And opposite, on the thin tongue of land that made the further bank of the tempestuous current, other castles stood, and what escaped here, fell victim there. He hated the mainland where he was, and he hated no less that tongue of narrow land ; here, or there, all was the fighting that he loathed. All of it spoke of Hektor, hard Hektor, and of the life he wanted to be done with. That was why he liked that view, for the current of the water flowed so swift that you could see the very swirl of it, and the eye could not rest whether on the nearer coast or yonder. His thoughts flowed westward with the water ; even without moving, he could feel himself drifting with it. And borne upon the foam, and beckoning, waving her grey veil like a sail, the spray tossing past her limbs, lightly went the goddess.

Yellow apples had fallen from the tree under which he was lying and lay beside him. He picked up one of them and dropped it from one hand into the other. And the afternoon grew late. In the late afternoon the world grew golden, under the sun's more level rays. The rocks turned into gold,

and he played with a golden apple. His very tunic found its saffron growing golden, and the dazzle left the world and became a tender radiance. He turned back to see the mountains in the radiance. Ilios, indeed, was brilliant, a city of gold built upon bronze foundations, a city of soft blue and purple shadows—a dear city, after all . . . and high in the air above him and deep in the thoughts of his mind, two goddesses did bitter battle. He was bidden go back to Ilios; he was wooed subtly thitherward. Fighting? The day would surely come when Hektor would fall in the fighting, when Hektor would be no more there to steal the hearts of the men of Troié away from him; men would listen to him; he would be king in Ilios, thinking long thoughts for the folk, causing the fights to cease, winning the merchantmen so that they should be glad to come near Ilios, so that they should stay there, and leave or sail there only for the sake of Ilios and return with all their riches for her glory. The goddess of Ilios, the goddess who sat there within her house and on whose knees the women laid their prayers, a goddess of grey eyes that looked steadily upon him through the gold, Pallas Athené wooed him, and called him back to be the wise king of the land, king to whom west and north and east came travelling . . .

The apple rolled from his hand, and he sat suddenly up to catch it, and from over his head the dream went vanishing. Like smoke it vanished in the wind, and he gave up thought of Ilios.

His eyes went over the hills of Ilios to the huge mountains at the back of the world he knew. But yonder, over even them, even behind the high ridge of Ida, golden and rosy now against a sky all golden, lay another world that he knew not, but that he knew of, or thought he knew . . . And another battle raged in the air above him, between the goddess who was so faithful to his doom, and the goddess who summoned him to follow away to Ida. For in his despondency, and indeed having seen that he was but a fool to dream of being king in Ilios, his mind had turned desperately against itself and had torn itself away from the narrow hurrying sea and that to which it was fain to lead him; why should he not go as far and further, after all, into the sunrise, whence the merchants came with traffic and strange tales of temples rising like great flights of steps into the sky, of palaces with rose-gardens on their roofs, of bearded kings who trampled through the

land like bulls and with wings like eagles' for their flight? Mount Ida faded and became transparent like a gold mist upon the heavens; the sun shone through her; a tremendous sun mirrored upon wide rivers, lying like shields of gold on a land of misty red, where the temple palaces climbed shadowy into glory. In one of them, with a world spread round him to his eyes, he saw himself, with his black hair sleek upon his forehead, his fine fingers with their rings, an exquisite worshipful marvel among the lion-men and the bulls . . .

But in Paris, despite the divine assault above his head, thrilling the sunset, the fierce rush of desire maintained itself not for long. He knew that the dream of being king behind Ida was a madness. He turned from the brazen, blood-red east, and as he rolled over on his face, once more the apple slipped from his slack fingers. He lay flat, too disheartened even for lamenting.

But a little breeze came up from the sea, and played in his hair and kissed his neck. The golden apple, lying near his face, sent out an intoxicating scent. The blood flowed differently; all the embraces of the air streamed together and enveloped him; up from the sea, down along the valleys, in the earth, in the leaves and throughout the arching sky, all the voices of the world made one deep terrible music in his mind, as of a solemn lyre struck by golden Aphrodité. A gentle hand put the apple into his, and his fingers closed upon it and held it fast. The spirit in him melted. Finished was Ilios; no need to dream of Ida; wisdom was folly; futile, power. Why trouble more? Love still was in the world. Love; he could do that . . . The world sank into love around him, and he into the world. He was the great lover. That was God's gift for him, the work for him . . .

He sat up suddenly. He knew what he would do. He would go down to the sea; he would sail into the sunset; he would seek Penelopeia.

"After all," he said aloud, "good looks do count for something in life!"

He threw the apple high into the air, and the goddess caught it in thin hands, and all the world laughed shrilly.

Paris ran prancing down the hill towards the castle.

C. C. MARTINDALE.

# MISCELLANEA

## I. CRITICAL AND HISTORICAL NOTES

### THE NEED OF SIFTING EVIDENCE.

A RATHER striking illustration, which we have lately come across, of the necessity for caution in dealing with the marvels recorded in religious biographies, seems to be of sufficient general interest to call for notice here. It occurs in the published *Life of the Venerable Anthony Margil*, a holy Franciscan missionary in Mexico and Guatemala, who died in 1726. The *Life* professes to be founded entirely on the depositions taken in the Process of Beatification and it was compiled at Rome by the official Postulator of the Cause who must, of necessity, have been intimately acquainted with the available evidence.<sup>1</sup> One would, therefore, be disposed to regard the statements of fact contained in it as exceptionally trustworthy, and almost as though they were covered by the papal decree printed at the end of the volume which declares Father Anthony Margil to have practised all Christian virtues in a heroic degree. In an engraving prefixed to the *Life* a portrait of Father Margil may be found in which he is represented floating in the air together with a devout client, and although a closer inspection reveals that this picture has reference to an alleged miraculous escape from the Indians which took place after the holy man's death, the casual reader can hardly fail to find in it some connection with the many levitations attributed to him in his life-time. Of these the biographer speaks in the following passage:—

A soul which was so inflamed with the love of God could not fail to be constantly absorbed by celestial delights and ravished out of itself in the ecstasies which are the ordinary privilege of Christ's holy servants. Of these happy transports he had familiar experience, and very often it happened that his soul in the vehemence of its flight towards God carried with it heavenwards the dead weight of the body, so that he was actually raised from the ground. Father Simon de Hierro, who was long his companion, deposed to having seen him many times in great raptures while he prayed.

<sup>1</sup> *Notizie della Vita, Virtù, Doni e Miracoli del Ven. Servo di Dio Fr. Antonio Margil di Gesù, Missionario Apostolico dell'Ordine de' Minori Osservanti, estratte dai Processi compilati per la causa della sua Beatificazione dal P. Fr. Giuseppe Maria Gusman, Postulatore della Causa, Rome, 1836.*



Maria Treio watched him praying at Adaes five or six inches above the earth, and John de Armiso saw him in the same district raised nearly a foot in the air while he was saying Mass. In Mexico on one occasion, having been admitted into the convent of the Poor Clares to hear a sick nun's confession, he was lifted a couple of feet from the floor as he exhorted his penitent to practise conformity with the divine will. Rose de Rivera in the same city related that more than once the good Father, on passing through her garden and meditating on the perfections of God who had created such beautiful flowers, began to cry out: "Wonderful! wonderful!" and as he said this his whole body was raised from the ground.<sup>1</sup> Further it was there also, in the great priory dedicated to St. Francis, that Brother Jerome Garzia, early one morning, when he was calling the religious to rise for Matins, felt a violent draught blowing through the choir and apparently coming from the direction of the church tower. Looking to discover the cause, he found the servant of God raised in the air with arms extended in the form of a cross, gyrating round and round with incredible velocity. In Guatemala Father Joseph Paniagua saw him radiant with celestial glory, while John of Jesus Surrairie Birriesa, having had occasion one night to look for him in the church, found him there suspended so high above the ground that the skirts of his habit brushed the intruder's head. Moreover, the same witness, on another occasion, whilst serving his Mass, having noticed that the whole altar was shaking after the consecration, raised his eyes to the celebrant and saw that he was lifted a foot and a half from the predella. He was so dazed by what he had witnessed that the holy priest when he came out of his ecstasy had to bang his hand against the altar to rouse his server to attend to his duties.<sup>2</sup>

Now it happens that by an unusual chance the British Museum possesses a copy of the three volumes of the *Positio super Virtutibus* for the Beatification of Father Margil, containing the *Summarium* and the argumentation based thereupon; in other words, we have in these volumes so much of the depositions of the original witnesses as is ever printed for the use of the consultors of the Congregation of Rites. A comparison of the biography with the sources upon which it is based thus becomes possible and proves to be curiously instructive. To begin with, the Father Simon de Hierro, referred to in the above extract as long the companion of Margil, gave evidence himself at Mexico in 1757, thirty-one years after the death of the holy missionary. He spoke in

<sup>1</sup> *Summarium Additionale*, p. 128; and *Summarium*, p. 177.

<sup>2</sup> G. M. Gusman, *Notizie della Vita di Fr. Antonio Margil*, pp. 124-126. The whole evidence upon which this depends will be found in the *Summarium*, pp. 143-177.

the most enthusiastic terms of the Father's spirit of prayer, of his untiring zeal, of the austerity of his life, of his deprivation of sleep, etc., but not one word in this deposition suggests that Father Margil ever had ecstasies or was seen raised from the ground. What we do find, however, is that before the "Apostolic" Commission some years later when Father Hierro himself was dead, two witnesses declared that they had heard Father Simon Hierro say that Father Margil had frequent ecstasies and was sometimes lifted up into the air. In other words, this intimate friend and companion of the holy man is represented as bearing witness to things which, when he was himself being examined and upon his oath, he never ventured to affirm. And the whole evidence for the levitations proves to be of this character; it is either mere hearsay or, on the face of it, untrustworthy. For example, it is true that Maria Treio and John de Anniso are stated to have witnessed these upliftings in the air, but they never made any such deposition themselves. They had apparently died before the inquiry took place. All we know is that one Marcus Martinez, a witness who was nearly 80 years of age, deposed in 1778 that he had heard them say so; he did not remember when or where.<sup>1</sup> But perhaps the most surprising testimony is that of John of Jesus Surraine Birriesa, who is so complacently cited at the close of the extract translated above. It is true that he professed to report facts of which he had himself been an eye-witness, but he gave his evidence at Guatemala in 1771, forty-five years after Father Margil's death, and, as the *Summarium* expressly informs us, Birriesa was at that date *ninety-five* years old. Neither was the old man content with declaring that in serving Father Margil's mass he had beheld him raised in the air, he stated in his deposition that while thus elevated he saw upon his head a crown of thorns with blood trickling from it, all which disappeared when the Father came to himself and continued the Mass.<sup>2</sup> Though there were some forty witnesses examined in the first "ordinary" process held at Guadalupe and Guatemala within twenty years of the missionary's death, no one of them suggested at that time that any levitation phenomena had been seen or heard of in connection with Father Margil. The only hint of anything of the sort appears in the statement of a Father, who had acted as his confessor, to the effect that after the consecration of the

<sup>1</sup> *Summarium*, p. 172.

<sup>2</sup> *Summarium*, p. 167; *Summarium Additionale*, p. 126.

Mass he flushed deeply and trembled so violently that he seemed to be struggling to prevent himself from rising in the air.<sup>1</sup> Obviously this evidence proves nothing. The same convulsive movements after the elevation were noted in a holy and well-known religious priest who died in London very recently. Unquestionably Father Anthony Margil, though apparently he has not yet been beatified, was a man of most saintly life and of apostolic zeal, and it is quite possible that he may sometimes have been raised from the ground. At the same time, after a very careful study of the depositions, we must point out, that there is nothing in the testimonies adduced which justifies such a conclusion. With the single exception of the statement of the nonagenarian Birriesa, every one of the incidents recounted in the above extract depends upon hearsay evidence given long after the event.

That this was not an isolated example may be seen from the canonization process of the still more famous missionary, St. Francis Xavier. St. Francis was only 47 when he died. Most of those who had known him best survived him. Yet no one of his fellow Jesuits, nor of his friends and catechists in India, ever spoke of seeing him raised from the ground. We possess the evidence given within six years of his death by 65 witnesses, nearly all Europeans or Eurasians, at Goa, Cochin, Malacca, etc., all of them well acquainted with him, all of them anxious to do honour to his memory and to recall anything remarkable which they knew connected with his life. But there is not a syllable in this evidence to suggest that he was ever seen suspended in the air. Sixty years later another inquiry was held, the "*processus apostolicus*", and then seven witnesses, all native converts, declared either that they had in their childhood seen him so levitated, or had heard it reported by others as a matter of common knowledge. Upon this evidence and upon this evidence alone we find it stated twice over in the Bull of Canonization that Xavier in the intense fervour of his devotion was seen raised more than a cubit from the ground. It must, however, be remembered that since the Canonization of St. Francis in 1623 a more rigorous system of inquiry has been enforced and that such causes have been transferred from the Tribunal of the Rota to that of the Congregation of Sacred Rites.

H. T.

<sup>1</sup> *Summarium*, p. 147.

## THE SUMMER SCHOOL OF CATHOLIC STUDIES.

THE movement towards Summer Schools appears to be gathering force, and there is every reason that it should do so; a Summer School may become almost as necessary to any big movement as a periodical. Keen workers in many subjects rightly reckon it a great help and privilege to devote a portion of their holiday to gathering together and listening to those most competent to speak to them of what they have most at heart.

And so it was natural that the Bible Congress, held successfully at Cambridge in July, 1921, should develop, by permission of our Hierarchy, into a Summer School, which reproduces all the main features of that Congress. Holy Scripture is not the only subject about which Catholics can with profit be offered special courses, though probably most even of the subjects have a Biblical aspect. This, for example, was the case with the Holy Eucharist, treated successfully last year. But nothing less than the Faith generally, the Catholic position as a whole, can be looked upon as the permanent scope for such an enterprise. The Summer School to be held at Cambridge next August (August 8th—10th inclusive, Wednesday—Friday) has the Papacy for its general subject; other questions of equal sweep and importance await treatment, though doubtless in time it will be possible to thrash out more thoroughly rather less gigantic subjects, or at all events special parts of those subjects.

"The just man," says the Apostle, quoting the prophet, "shall live by faith" (Rom. i. 17). "By grace ye are saved, through faith; and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God; not as the outcome of works, lest any should boast. For we are his handiwork, created in Christ Jesus for good works, which God hath prepared beforehand that therein we may walk" (Eph. ii. 8—10). Too many outside the Church are apt to despair of discovering what they should believe: they give up faith, and try works instead: but it is not the plan of God to accomplish in that way, their salvation. It is through faith that we become God's spiritual handiwork, His new creation in Christ Jesus: as the Council of Trent says (Sess. 6, chap. viii), "faith is the beginning of human salvation, the foundation and root of all justification." By it we come to live spiritually, by it we continue to live; the profounder our faith, the more vigorous

our life. Even among good Catholics there are enormous differences in the strength and energy and domination of their faith; and they need to nourish it by all means in their power, for it is the secret of all holiness and charity. Much more must they beware of weakening or losing it. It is when works are the outcome of such faith that they are welcome to God.

Such is, and such alone can be, the justification of the Summer School; the imparting and increasing of faith and of understanding in all that belongs to the Catholic position. Not that it is the object of the School to accomplish this merely in those who attend it; rather it has for its aim to make them powerful workers themselves in the apostolate of doctrine. No priest but must feel the advantage of expounding to his flock with fuller knowledge such subjects as the Catholic teaching about Holy Scripture, the Holy Eucharist and the Holy Father; no master or mistress in secondary or elementary school but must realize how vital it is that the pupils should be well grounded in these questions. Much more must they be well prepared therein who are ready to explain and defend the Catholic view in our parks and other public places. Even apart from that, our Catholic laity can always be exercising an apostolate in their everyday intercourse, if only they will take the trouble to be well primed. And then there are inquirers who wish to hear a reasonably authoritative exposition of our doctrine. In short, the need of something rather more advanced in the way of instruction, simple and clear, yet going to the heart of things and shirking no issues, is great and evident to-day. And although much can be done by earnest and judicious reading, nothing can ever rival the living voice as a means of imparting knowledge. The sale of the Summer School lecture-books already published, *The Religion of the Scriptures* and *Catholic Faith in the Holy Eucharist*, is very gratifying, and is indeed indirect testimony to the value of the lectures themselves; but books cannot watch to see whether you are taking in what they say and make allowance accordingly, nor do they admit of questions and informal discussions and all else that is so valuable in the actual presence of the lecturer.

The list of these lecturers for next August is a promising one. Dr. Pope, O.P., and Dom Chapman, O.S.B., have already made their mark at such gatherings; Mgr. Mann

speaks of the early papacy with all the authority accruing from his twelve excellent volumes on the subject; Père d'Herbigny, S.J., President of the Oriental Institute at Rome, stands second to none in his knowledge of "the Oriental Schism"; Dr. Downey, D.D., of the Catholic Missionary Society, will give a good account of the Vatican Council and its decree regarding papal infallibility. This latter lecture will be particularly opportune because of the expectation that the Vatican Council will soon be continued and concluded. And to mention no more, Mrs. Strong, herself a distinguished Cambridge scholar, and, like Mgr. Mann and Père d'Herbigny, coming from Rome for the purpose, will give lantern lectures upon "the Popes and Art" that will be no less interesting than instructive.

To conclude with a few business details. The three full days of the Summer School are Wednesday—Friday, August 8th—10th; they follow with a day's interval upon the National Catholic Congress at Birmingham, whence a special coach on the Harwich boat-train, which leaves the city at 4 p.m., will take the "Summer Scholars" to Ely, a run of twenty minutes from Cambridge.<sup>1</sup>

In view of the subject chosen for next August it is especially appropriate and consoling to learn that the Holy Father has lately shown himself well informed and interested about the School, and has readily bestowed upon it his blessing.

C. L.

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#### WILLIAM BYRD: RECUSANT.

ON July 4th the tercentenary of the death of one of England's greatest musicians will be celebrated, and already a sheaf of literature has appeared dealing with the life and works of this illustrious Tudor composer. Byrd has aptly been styled "the English Palestrina," and his Church music will soon be accessible owing to the munificence of the Carnegie United Kingdom Trust, his *English Church Music*, Part I., having recently appeared from the Oxford University

<sup>1</sup> Further information may be gained from the advertisements, but we may mention that lodgings at moderate terms can be secured through the Reception Secretary, Miss Bell, 73 Chesterton Road, Cambridge. A fee of five shillings admits to all lectures, and can be obtained from the General Secretary, the Rev. C. M. Davidson, Catholic Rectory, Cambridge, to whom all enquiries may be addressed.



Press, to be followed by two other volumes. A *Times* critic says that this publication "means at last the opportunity of putting in his rightful place one of the greatest of composers, not only of his age and country, but of the world." His secular works have been admirably edited by Canon Fellowes, Mus.D., of Windsor, forming Vols. XIV. and XVI. of the English Madrigal School (Stainer and Bell).

Morley, in his well-known *Introduction*, published in 1897, alludes to Byrd as a man "never without reverence to be named of the musicians," while the Chapel Royal Cheque Book in recording his death names him as "Father of Musicke." But my present purpose is not to give a sketch of Byrd's musical career, nor yet of his fame as an organist and composer—it is, rather, to make known one side of his fame, not generally dwelt on, and, in fact, glossed over by most musical historians. This phase of his character is as a Catholic Recusant under Queen Elizabeth—for, though he was a Gentleman of the Chapel Royal from 1570 till his death in 1623—over fifty-three years—he seems to have stood by the old Faith, notwithstanding sundry persecutions.

William Byrd was born in 1543, probably in Lincoln, and studied music under Thomas Tallis, another great Catholic Tudor composer. The first definite information of him is his appointment as organist of Lincoln Cathedral, in succession to Thomas Appleby (1541-1562). Previous investigators give the date of his appointment as "probably about 1563," but some years ago, from consideration of the Chapter Acts, I was fortunate to discover the actual day and month, namely February 27th, 1562-3. He was married on September 14th, 1568, at St. Margaret's, to Juliana Birley, and his eldest son, Christopher, was baptized in the same church on November 18th, 1569, while his eldest daughter, Elizabeth, was also baptized there on January 20th, 1571-2.<sup>1</sup> Meantime, his great musical abilities were recognised, and he was sworn in a Gentleman of the Chapel Royal, on February 22nd, 1569-70, but apparently stayed on at Lincoln for a year or so, when he employed Thomas Butler as his deputy. This Thomas Butler had been a Fellow of New College, Oxford, but was ejected for being a Roman Catholic in 1568. However, on December 7th, 1572, Butler was formally appointed organist and master

<sup>1</sup> It must be presumed, however, that, since the Acts of Supremacy and Uniformity were passed in 1539, this church was then in schism. Nor can we safely conclude that Byrd was appointed to the Chapel Royal *in spite of* his known Catholicism. It is more likely that he conformed for a time.

of the choristers of Lincoln "on ye nomination and commendation of Mr. William Byrd."

Not only did Byrd share with Tallis the post of organist of the Chapel Royal (1570-1585), but on Tallis's death he had the sole monopoly for printing and selling music and music paper. His *Cantiones* appeared in 1575, and, in 1579, he wrote the three-part song for Legge's Latin play of Richard III., followed by *Psalms, Sonnets and Songs*, in 1588.

Mr. Barclay Squire tells us that Byrd's persecution as a Recusant began in 1581, when his wife, Juliana, was "presented" for not going to church, but the screw had been put on almost four years earlier, because Bishop Aylmer of London, in his return of Recusants in November, 1577, includes "the wife of William Byrd of H.M. Chapel." It is possible, of course, for a "conformist" to have had a recusant wife, but perhaps we may see in Byrd's having made a setting of a song—"Why do I use"—celebrating the martyrdom of Blessed Edmund Campion, S.J. in December, 1581, confirmatory evidence that he shared his wife's resistance.

But the matter is put beyond doubt by the fact that presentments against the Byrd family are on the Sessions Rolls of Middlesex in 1581, 1582, 1583, 1584, 1585, and 1586; and, on April 7th, 1592, a true bill of recusancy was found against William Byrd of Harlington (near Uxbridge), where he had lived from 1578 to 1593. He was also regularly presented in the Archidiaconal Court of Essex from 1605 to 1612.

Byrd has been censured for having taken over a farm of about 200 acres at Standon Place, near Ongar, Essex, in 1593, a property that had been forfeited as belonging to William Shelley, convicted of complicity in an alleged "Popish Plot." Yet, on investigation, it appears that Byrd had purchased the remainder of Shelley's lease—held by Lawrence and William Hollingworth—in 1592, and it was not till July 15th, 1595, that he obtained a crown lease of it for the lives of his son Christopher, and his daughters Elizabeth and Rachel. Between the years 1604 and 1608 much litigation went on over this property at Standon Place, and, at length, in the winter of 1609, Byrd purchased the estate from Mrs. Shelley's son, who was soon after created a baronet.

Though latterly an avowed Roman Catholic, Byrd was permitted to hold his position in the Chapel Royal, and received livery as a Gentleman at the funeral of Queen Elizabeth, and also at the funeral of Queen Anne, the wife of James I., in 1619.

Byrd died at Standon Place on July 4th, 1623, but previously, on November 15th, 1622, he made his will, the opening paragraphs of which are here quoted as the magnificent *Credo* of a staunch recusant :

In the name of the most glorious and undivided Trinity, Father, Son, Holy Ghost, three distinct Persons and Eternal God. Amen. I, William Byrde, of Standon Place, in the parish of Standon, in the County of Essex, gentleman, do now, in the eightieth year of mine age, but (through the goodness of God) being of good health and perfect memory, make and ordain this for my last will and Testament. First, I give and bequeath my Soul to God Almighty my Creator and Redeemer, and Preserver. *And that I may live and die a true and perfect member of His Holy Catholic Church (without which I believe there is no salvation for me)*, my body to be honestly buried in that parish and place where it shall please God to take me out of this life, which I humbly desire (if so it shall please God) may be in the parish of Standon where my dwelling is. And then to be buried near unto the place where my wife lieth buried or elsewhere as God and the time shall permit and suffer.

Apart from all this extrinsic evidence for Byrd as a recusant, the internal evidence of his three Masses (evidently written between the years 1586 and 1590), and of his *Gradualia*, a collection of Motets for the whole ecclesiastical year, including the Proper of the Mass and a setting of the Passion music for three voices (published in 1605-1607), is ample to testify to his allegiance to the old Faith (after perhaps a short period of hesitancy) during the reigns of Elizabeth and James I.

I cannot end this short notice better than by quoting the verdict on Byrd's pre-eminence in music of Henry Peacham, in 1622, when Byrd was still living: "For Motetts and Musicke of pietie and devotion, as well for the honour of our Nation as the merit of the man, I prefer above all our *Phœnix* M. William Byrd, whom in that kind I know not whether any men equal . . . and, being of himselfe naturally disposed to Gravitie and Pietie, his veine is not so much for light Madrigals or Canzonets, yet his *Virginella* and some others of his first Set cannot be mended by the best Italian of them all."

W. H. GRATTAN FLOOD.

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#### LADY MACBETH AND FINELLA.

**I**T is well known that mediæval history, that is to say, history written in mediæval times, abounds in chronological errors, and in ascriptions of character and actions

to persons who, in real life, were unrelated to either. That lighter literature, even that of our own times, should follow in both respects the example set by the graver Muse of history is hardly to be wondered at. As regards a romance or a play, the true test of its merits consists, not in the historical accuracy of it, but in the genius of the author. On the other hand, we cannot allow that that history is wholly excellent whose craftsmanship is so, but whose *data* are unreliable.

Certain of the plays of Shakespeare have been used of late in order to give colour to the theory that those writings are susceptible of a double interpretation, the one objective, and such as the appearances of things in them suggest, and the other subjective and esoteric in a political sense. It is perhaps as yet too soon to pronounce a definite judgment as to the merits of these ingenious endeavours to invest the dramatic genius of Shakespeare with yet another cryptographic content; but inasmuch as inquiry and speculation touching the originals of the Shakespearean dramas are nowadays more than ever rife and insistent, the question of whence the poet drew the materials of his plays of history is not the least of those interesting but debatable matters. The personality and character of "Lady MacBeth" are the more provocative of discussion in this connection by reason of the mystery and uncertainty which surround the real figure.

The "Lady MacBeth"<sup>1</sup> of Shakespeare was Gruag,<sup>2</sup> daughter to Buidhe ("Victorious One"), who was son to Coinneach Grmeil (Kenneth the Morose), King of Scots. Buidhe left two children, a son whose name is uncertain, but who was probably styled Maol-Colum (Malcolm), and the above-mentioned Gruag. Malcolm, son of Buidhe, who, in accordance with the rule of alternate succession to the throne then prevailing in Scotland, should have become King after the death of Malcolm II., was assassinated by that prince, who schemed to break the Celtic rule of alternate succession, and to fix the crown in his own family.

Gruag's first husband was Gille-Comgain ("Servant of St. Comgan"), Mormaer, or rather King (for so the Irish Annals style him), of the important Province of Moray. Gille-Comgain was surprised in his fortress by, in all probability, his rival and kinsman MacBeth, and burnt to death

<sup>1</sup> Gaelic, Mac Bheatha (Son of Life): hence the Englished forms of the name, "Mac Beth," "Mac Veagh," etc.

<sup>2</sup> Gruag is a descriptive name signifying that the bearer of it had abundant hair. The word *gruag* is sometimes applied in modern Gaelic to a "head of hair." It also means a wig.

along with fifty of his followers. MacBeth, who claimed Moray in right of blood, married the widow (Gruag) of the deceased ruler, thus uniting in his own family the claims of his wife, and those of her son by Gille-Comgain, to the Scottish throne. As MacBeth had already possessed himself of Moray, which carried with it the hegemony of the north, it is obvious that by marrying the widow of Gille-Comgain, and securing the custody of Lùlach, her son and heir, he was thereby greatly strengthening his position, besides opening a promising road to the fulfilment of those ambitions touching the crown of the whole country which he undoubtedly entertained. Apart from the fact that Gruag appears in a charter of the time alongside her second husband as joint-benefactor of the Culdees of Loch Leven, the above is pretty well all that is known for certain touching Shakespeare's "Lady MacBeth."

Let us now turn this somewhat blood-stained page of early Scottish history and consider another, which, though hardly less ensanguined, yet has no immediate historical connection with the events and persons that have been briefly set forth above.

Previous to the introduction of the feudal system in the reign of David I., Scotland was a confederacy of the usual Celtic type. The country was divided into a number of provinces, some of which, at the time the events I am about to relate occurred, were dependent on the crown, and others not. Among the latter was Angus, which, when Kenneth the Morose came to the throne, was ruled over by a woman, whose Gaelic name the early chroniclers Latinized as "Finella." Finella had a son, Conachar, who was heir to the province of Angus. Upon some long-forgotten pretext, Conachar was seized by Kenneth, and executed at Dunsinnan; and, the way to ambition thus being opened to him, the King annexed the province to the crown. Finella, however, never forgave Kenneth the murder of her son; and, dissembling her hatred, she so far gained the confidence of the King as to persuade him to visit her at her palace of Fettercairn, where he was killed (so the story goes) by a machine, which Finella herself had invented for that purpose.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> "In the midst of the house was an image of brass, made to the similitude of Kenneth, with a golden apple in its hand, with such engine that as soon as any man made to throw this apple out of the hand of the image the motion of the same drew all the strings of the cross-bow up at once, and shot at him that threw the apple." These words, slightly modernized, are taken from Bocce, who is here describing the traditional manner in which Kenneth met his death at the hands of Finella.

Doubtless an eye-filling figure such as Finella would appeal very powerfully to the dramatic sense and lively imagination of Shakespeare, more especially as the mediæval chronicles he consulted when composing his tragedy of "MacBeth" could tell him little about the consort of that King. Thus the poet was under the necessity of ascribing a character to a woman touching whom his positive information was of the most slender description. It is true, of course, that Gruag married the putative slayer of her first husband, and had strong claims (which MacBeth had not) to the Scottish throne; and here are two circumstances which, in the absence of any certain knowledge as to her real disposition and character, would justify a dramatist in depicting Gruag as the unscrupulous tool and slave of headlong ambition. But Shakespeare knew nothing about the parentage, circumstances and "past" of "Lady MacBeth." Consequently he was free to take such a figure as Finella, and, with the aid of the light shed on her character by the traditionary account of her revenge on Kenneth, to create of her his "Lady MacBeth"; and that, I venture to think, is what he did.

That pusillanimity and infirmity of purpose, which, at the supreme crisis of their joint careers, "Lady MacBeth" contemptuously charged upon her second husband were, it is safe to say, never his. From first to last, MacBeth was emphatically a Celt of destiny, bold, scheming, unscrupulous, calculating, and possessed of an iron will. But like another Celt of destiny of an earlier age (Vercingetorix of Gaul), he also was not without good qualities. Of the noble blood of Moray, MacBeth early aspired to the throne of that independent province. He slew his rival and kinsman, Gille-Comgain, in the latter's own palace, and married, possibly forcibly, the widow of his victim. Next, he plotted against the life of the man whose aid he had sought in his quarrel with Gille-Comgain, and, "in the smith's bothy near Elgin," murdered the youthful Duncan, the *ard-riagh* (high-King) of Scotland. Possessed by violence of the Scottish throne, for eighteen years MacBeth ruled the country with vigour and address, as may be collected from the contemporary testimony of St. Bearcham, part of whose Gaelic lines about him I am about to translate:

The tall yellow-haired red one,  
Pleasant to me was the youth:  
Alba (Scotland), was brimful, from east to west,  
During the reign of the generous impetuous one.



And, finally, as he had lived so he died, sword in hand; for, attacked in the south by the partizans of Malcolm, son to the murdered Duncan, MacBeth was surprised and defeated, and, fleeing north towards the fastnesses of his native province of Moray, was overtaken and slain, fighting bravely, at Lumphannan in Aberdeenshire. Assuredly, MacBeth's was no character in which want of courage and infirmity of purpose may be discerned, however considerable and numerous his failings may have been. As to his wife, "Lady MacBeth," history is as silent as the grave regarding her character. All that we know about her, apart from what has been set forth above, is that, by her first husband, she had a half-witted son, Lùlach, who is styled *Fatuus* by the contemporary Latin chroniclers. After the disaster of Lumphannan, Lùlach succeeded to the Scottish crown, but perished "*per dolum*" when he had been but a few months on the throne.

My contention is, that the story of Finella supplied Shakespeare with the materials with which he drew with imperishable strokes the sinister character of "Lady MacBeth," and further, that the transposition in the play of the characters which history and probability entitle us to assign to husband and wife respectively was a consequence of the poet's imperfect historical information, and of his interest in the moving tale of Finella.

R. ERSKINE OF MARR.

## II. TOPICS OF THE MONTH

The Bolshevik  
climbs down.

Soviet Russia has shown some glimmer of wisdom in complying with the demands of the British Note, and promising to mend its ways so far as relations with this country are concerned. We are glad for the sake of the Russian people, ground down and maltreated beyond belief by this merciless anti-Christian tyranny, for a return to the previous trade-boycott or any active support given to the victimised millions would only retard the day of their deliverance. Bolshevism can be destroyed only from within, and until some measure of prosperity returns to Russia, and a general contact is restored with the rest of the world the inhabitants cannot recover their power of organized resistance to the terror that oppresses them. There is no possibility of converting the Bolshevik himself. His creed is the negation of Christian civilization and even of the culture which

pagans have reached by observance of the natural law. The abominable corruption of youth which is his aim in prohibiting the teaching of religion shows that his morality is from the Pit. There can be no delivery for Russia save by his extermination. It is lamentable that even in matters commercial we should have to hold intercourse with such specimens of inhumanity, but in no other way can the Russian people be spared the worst results of his dominance, famine and economic chaos, and for their sakes he has to be endured.

In our May issue we charged the *Daily Herald* with palliating the crimes of the Bolsheviks in the matter of the outrages inflicted on the clergy, particularly the judicial murder of

*The Daily Herald's* "Explanation." Mgr. Butkevitch. The editor has taken exception to our charge, and says that all his paper had attempted to do was to explain, not to excuse, the Bolsheviks. We accept, of course, Mr. Hamilton Fyfe's assurance that he had no intention of condoning crime, but we are free to point out that he must be alone in the journalistic world in considering that, because the Catholic and Orthodox clergy have been proceeded against under forms of law, therefore such procedure is not criminal. The tyrant has only to enact that such and such a course will be considered treasonable, in order to give his tyranny the form of legality. It was once illegal and treasonable in this country to exercise priestly functions. The French Terror always used the forms of law in convicting its victims. And perhaps the Editor of the *Daily Herald* may remember that the efforts made by the sweated worker in the early nineteenth century to improve his position by combination were offences against the law. Mgr. Butkevitch was charged with "treasonable correspondence" amongst other things, just as Catholic priests under Elizabeth were charged with treason for being priests, but no proof has yet been produced in support of the charge. On the contrary, in an interview with Litvinoff published in the *Herald*, four days previous to its "explanation" of the religious condemnations, amidst a multitude of other charges, most of which are reducible to the exercise of sacerdotal duties, this particular "crime" does not appear. To attempt to "explain" these judicial outrages on such feeble grounds shows at the least an excess of credulity unworthy of an honestly-conducted journal

Labour  
and  
Religion.

Those who wish well to the cause of Labour in this country—and we include in their number all Catholics who have taken to heart the social teachings of their spiritual leaders from Pope Leo XIII. downwards—are constantly compelled to regret

the association of the representative Labour men amongst us with those on the continent who are aiming at the overthrow of Christian civilization. The men who form the official Opposition are all on the directorate of the *Daily Herald*, yet this paper is ready to take indiscriminately to its bosom all the anti-Christian elements in European society, provided they are also anti-capitalist. Consequently, in its pages, mingled with instances of genuine injustice and oppression, one meets sympathetic records of the most extravagant and subversive projects. The *Herald* may urge that the defenders of Capitalism are also a very mixed lot, not a few of them being in their conduct as alien to true Christianity as the reddest revolutionary, and it is true that the selfish Capitalist who makes money his god and tramples on the souls and bodies of men in his worship of it is also a bitter foe to the Faith of Christ. But one evil is not cured by another. The evils of Capitalism are not to be overcome by the evils of Communism. The religion which Christ taught is not merely one way in which the world can be saved; it is the only way, and any proposed remedies for the sickness of Society which are incompatible with Christian principles are by that very fact proved false. Accordingly those who are looking for the Kingdom of God and His justice must always test economic projects by the standard of Christian principles, which merely emphasize and expand the dictates of natural law, and be ready to point out, not only what is unjust in the present industrial order, but also what is faulty in the suggested cures. The difficulty which handicaps the religious-minded Socialist is in the main ignorance of the real implications of the Christian creed. Cut off from the Catholic tradition and the divinely guaranteed guidance of the Church, he is left to puzzle out the meaning of Christianity for himself, hampered rather than helped by the babel of contradictory views voiced by various uncommissioned teachers in the press.

**Catholic  
Social Action  
Imperative.**

An enormous responsibility, therefore, rests upon those who know, who have in their faith and in the teachings of their spiritual guides the principles by the application of which civil-

ization may yet be saved. Nothing better illustrates the inveteracy of social prejudice than the inability of Pope Leo's social teaching, repeated and emphasized though it has been by all his successors, to shake the bulk of the faithful out of the conventional ruts in which they find themselves. It never occurs to them to question the morality of an industrial system which, as worked, results in an unfair distribution of wealth. They quietly acquiesce in a state of society wherein the proper functions of the family are grievously impeded and the community

in increasing degree is burdened with the maintenance of millions of landless, houseless, propertyless men and women. Whilst rightly taught to reject those principles of Socialism which in the teaching of the Church contradict fundamental points of natural justice, they seem oblivious to the growth of Socialism in practice, due to the ill-regulated conditions of industry and the freedom of economic development from ethical guidance. They look around and see without surprise or resentment that, owing to the one-sided development of the capitalist-wage system, the tax-paying community is obliged to provide for the bulk of the population what it is the business of the family unit to provide, viz., education, food, housing, medical assistance, support in old age—a monstrous perversion of the proper order which could only have developed in non-Christian society. Thus the community has to tax itself in a hundred ways to remedy the results of its own mismanagement. There is this excuse for Catholic apathy that none of our statesmen seem to contemplate any possibility of a change; in dealing with what has come to be known as "Public Assistance," the various "services" which the existence of a proletariat necessitates—health, housing, poor relief, health insurance, old age pensions, unemployment insurance, feeding of school children, and so on—one looks to the causes which produce such a burden on the State. In a debate in the Lords, on June 13, on the menace of Socialism the Government, whilst rightly refusing to interfere with Trade Unions, showed little sense of the extent to which the country had already gone in the direction of making the State omnipotent and omniscient in social life. All that a Socialist Government need do would be to extend and make wholly comprehensive the various departments of Public Assistance already at work. In other words we have already in our midst the nucleus of the Servile State.

The C.S.G.  
and the  
Labour College.

The Church which abolished slavery and serfdom, which has ever asserted the rights of the family against the community, the rights of God against Cæsar, has no sympathy with the Servile State, and her children should be strenuous in proclaiming her social doctrine. It is with much regret that we learn that the Catholic Labour College at Oxford is not being supported as it ought. There are all sorts of organizations to train workers in the pestiferous economics of Marx: wiser in their generation than the children of light, the wealthy amongst whom might, at small cost to themselves, set afoot influences capable of preserving their wealth from future confiscation, men, bent upon the subversion of the social order, are tireless in the expenditure of time, money and labour to spread their views

amongst the untaught masses. But the devout faithful, as a whole, take no thought of the Church's social teaching. They have not been enlightened in their youth and therefore find it hard to imbibe new ideas. Thus it is that the Catholic Social Guild which has started the Labour College as a memorial to its zealous founder, the late Father Charles Plater, and whose excellent periodical, *The Christian Democrat*, provides month by month admirable explanations of current economic problems and refutations of Socialist fallacies—just what is needed by the Catholic bemused by the conflicts of experts—is handicapped in its apostolate by fewness of members and lack of funds. Its annual summer school, the attractive programme of which appears in our papers, will be held at Oxford from July 14th to July 21st and will give Catholics the occasion of realizing their opportunities and obligations.

**The Source and  
the Cure  
of Communism.**

The menace of Communism is not to be averted by the extremely risky method of attacking workmen's combinations, nor by calling upon the "Haves" to organize them-

selves against the "Have-nots." Fascism is not a system of rule which will bear exportation, although circumstances have given it a temporary success in Italy. To provoke a class war is precisely to play into the hands of the Communist agitator, just as the same cause is served by every intrusion of the State into the private affairs of its citizens. Communism is cured by recognizing its causes, by removing as far as possible the handicap which, not Nature, but human arrangements have put in the way of the proper development of the bulk of the community, by the elaboration of schemes of co-operation and co-partnership and profit-sharing in order to end wage-slavery, by having regard to the human needs and rights of the worker, in the matter of culture and recreation. The recurrent excess of senseless extravagance and foolish parade of fashion which characterizes the London season and has its echoes all over the country, shows no signs of abating, whilst, on the other side, there are the millions of unemployed and their dependants, subsisting on the degradation of the dole. The toleration of such conditions, which pending their removal our leaders should denounce in season and out of season, breeds the discontent which festers into reckless revolution. Yet the splendid energy and foresight which the war called forth, the clear view of the end and the ready adaptation of the means to it, should not have failed us in peace. Four years ago the conclusion of the Versailles Treaty set the energies of our statesmen free to attend to home reform. Housing, the first need, was to be first provided. Profiteering and 'ca' canny combined to prevent it. The land, on the produce of

which the whole nation could comfortably subsist, was to be greatly developed. Agriculture has shrunk to less than pre-war dimensions. Sweating was to be finally abolished. And now the Trade Boards, insufficient barriers though they were against exploitation, are threatened by legislation, following on the Cave Report, with further loss of power. And—worse portent still, as indicating the mind of employers in the freer part of the English-speaking world—the Supreme Court of U.S.A. has recently declared, in the interests, if not through the influence, of Capitalism,<sup>1</sup> that the D.C. minimum wage law for women is unconstitutional. This is a direct attack upon Christian morality, as set forth by St. Paul and developed by Leo XIII., and another incentive to the class war which human avarice is blindly precipitating. It would almost seem that the one problem before the State, on the solution of which its welfare depends, yet of which it shows little consciousness, is how to check and control usury.<sup>2</sup>

**The  
Superfluous  
Middleman.**

There are two pests in every community on the elimination of which its health depends, the idler who can work but does none of any value, and the superfluous middleman or distributor. The idler, contributing nothing to the common store, has to be supported by the labour of others. The unwanted middleman is almost as bad. Distribution in itself is a legitimate form of livelihood, and in a numerous and complex population there must be many distributors. But those who are not necessary are mere parasites, living on producer and consumer, and raising the cost of living. A Government Report on the Fruit and Vegetable Trade, published on June 21st, discloses the fact that there are sometimes no less than six intermediaries between the farmer or gardener and the consumer, the result being that the producer does not get the value of his product, and the consumer has to pay very much more than its value. The Report mentions that shops in the West End of London were selling parsnips last January at a gross profit of 331 per cent., and apples at a profit of 344 per cent., on wholesale prices! A century or two ago such usurious dealings would have been severely punished by law. But now the Government is content with issuing a Report. This, at any rate, should give a great impulse to the co-operative movement.

<sup>1</sup> It is equally significant that the American Iron and Steel Institute, on May 25th, opposed by a unanimous vote the abolition of the twelve-hour day in the steel industry.

<sup>2</sup> That the usury is not all on the side of the Capitalists is shown by the unconscionable action of the New York bricklayers and carpenters, who, taking advantage of the desperate shortage of housing, have demanded and got wages ranging from £2 to £3 a day. This is "economics divorced from ethics" with a vengeance!



### Unrest in the Balkans.

The revolution in Bulgaria shows that the moral state of the Balkan nations is much like the physical state of Mount Etna. The Premier was deposed by a military *coup* and, very conveniently for his successors, shot in an effort to escape. So they are free to say what they like about his malversation of funds, etc., about all which reports the judicious will suspend judgment. The same may be said about the ill-written propagandist papers which the Balkan nations send out, full of bellicose aspirations, racial hatred and one-sided views. The impression one gets is that the war has settled nothing in those regions, and that, unless the League of Nations succeeds in securing disarmament and, as a preliminary step, in rationing strictly the manufacture of munitions, near Eastern Europe will remain a fertile source of disturbance. Meanwhile, the conquered Turk is taking advantage of the dissensions between the Allies to refuse to pay his debts, and to argue that the new Turkey cannot really be held accountable for the misdemeanours of the old. Thus the evil of the divergent policies pursued by France and England in Asia Minor is finding its natural fruit in the degradation of these great Powers at Lausanne.

### The Ruhr Question.

But all these causes of commotion are trivial compared with the grave continued menace to European civilization of the strife between France and Germany. In obedience to the exhortations of the Holy Father and following the lines he has marked out, this periodical has pleaded for that "peace of reconciliation" which the Pope made the subject of his first encyclical, "a true peace, a just peace, but of a justice tempered with charity." There are those who feel that to condone injuries, to forgive an enemy before he has made full reparation, to win a wonderful victory and yet be materially the loser, are greater demands than a nation can endure, and therefore they are apt to think that those who urge them in the present case are not so much pro-Christian as pro-German.<sup>1</sup>

Yet it is always with France's highest ultimate interests in view that we have written, owning the justness of much of her claim, yet convinced that the good will and gratitude of her beaten foe would compensate her, even in the material order, for the loss of those milliards which, whether they do not exist or are placed beyond the reach of her arms, she is vainly striving to extract. We have urged that the punishment she is inflicting is not falling on those who sinned against her, and that the main bulk of

<sup>1</sup> It is with natural satisfaction that we find the policy of reconciliation and peace by agreement, consistently upheld in this periodical, to be in thorough accord with the attitude of His Holiness towards the Reparations problem as expressed in his recent letter to Cardinal Gasparri (June 27th).

Germany's population have done with war as a weapon of policy, and wish nothing more than to labour in peace at the rebuilding of their shattered State, ready the while to pay for the damages which her rulers brought upon France. And we find ample confirmation of our impression in the speeches delivered by Cardinal von Faulhaber, Archbishop of Munich, in America, where he has been pleading the cause of the starving children and Religious of Bavaria (*Catholic Times*, July 23rd). But, of course, if men are influenced by the simple mentality of hatred, which makes no distinction between rulers and people, between combatants and non-combatants, between a peccant generation and their descendants, and which feeds on the fallacy that a nation of 60 millions is an entity with a single purpose and that a bad and deceitful one, there is no arguing with them.

**The  
Language Question  
in Belgium.**

The ministerial crisis in Belgium which is delaying the settlement of the Ruhr question has a curious origin. The ministry has resigned because a motion to constitute a Flemish-speaking University in Ghent was defeated. But the defeat was an episode in a prolonged and deep-seated quarrel between the two races which compose the Belgian nation, about which quarrel we hope to say more in a subsequent issue. It is interesting to see how the curse of Babel operates in different countries. The Republic of Switzerland boasts three languages, German, French and Italian, yet they are not a marked cause of disunion and strife. In Canada, on the other hand, the linguistic problem, complicated by racial and religious elements, constantly agitates the Dominion, and will continue to do so as the more prolific French gradually overrun the English-speaking provinces,<sup>1</sup> unless the two languages are given equal status. There may be further trouble in Ireland if devotees of Gaelic insist upon its becoming the paramount language in the island. So much of national culture is bound up with a national language that no utilitarian arguments avail against it. In Belgium the assumption of a superior culture by the French has introduced a surprising element of bitterness into the present quarrel. Here, if anywhere, the influence of Catholics should make for peace. Happily the question of religion is not involved in the maintenance of either language, and therefore it would ill beseem members of the Church, which knows not Jew nor Greek, to quarrel over a matter of merely secular interest. The vehemence of the dispute is partly a relic of the German occupation, for the invaders for their own purposes encouraged the project of developing Flemish and thus provoked a reaction.

<sup>1</sup> See "Race and Religion in Canada," by F. W. Grey, *THE MONTH*, Feb. 1910.

**Pascal.**

The Tercentenary of the birth of Pascal was celebrated in France on June 19th, and the event has naturally produced in the English papers a variety of estimates of the great Frenchman. Except for one bigoted and ill-informed article in the *Fortnightly Review* we know of no conspicuously unfair account of Pascal's polemic against the Jesuits, although, of course, there is much misunderstanding of its process and its results. The famous *Lettres* can be read with intelligence only by those who have a competent knowledge of the controversy on grace and moral theology, and can be properly appreciated only by such as understand the meaning of Jansenism—equipment which the average English journalist conspicuously lacks.<sup>1</sup> But when coldly analysed by an expert like Mr. Belloc<sup>2</sup> the *Lettres* are shown to be a tissue of misrepresentations, economies of truth, downright falsehoods, which reflect gravely upon the moral character of their writer. No one can deny the malicious wit with which the character of the "bon Père" is drawn: a writer to the *Times* records that a Jesuit professor used to read the *Lettres* to his class as a treat! But the wit was employed in the support of a subtle and soul-destroying heresy, and against the defenders of Catholic orthodoxy; the *Pensées*, fragmentary and inadequate apologetic as they are, hardly atone for that serious lapse.

**The Plight  
of the  
Puritan.**

The question of Sunday games in public parks is again being discussed in the papers, as the limited permission given by the London County Council and others last year, is due to expire. The puritans, with the "zeal not according to knowledge" that characterizes them, are basing their objection mainly on the extra amount of Sunday occupation for officials caused by allowing games to be played—a very slender foundation for a restriction which would deprive thousands on thousands of working people of innocent and healthy amusement of a kind which is practised without reproach by those who are well off. What a singular perversion of moral outlook is apt to overcome the good who have not the sane traditional guidance of the Catholic Church to help them! They seem to go to the Jewish law for their notions of Sunday observance, forgetting that Our Lord has expressly said that the Sabbath was instituted on man's account, to give him relief from the daily burden of work, time to attend more thoroughly to the interests of his soul and his body. There is a portentous list of Associations bent on suppress-

<sup>1</sup> And the average English historian, unless he can shake off his Protestant prejudice. We have already commented on Mr. Tilley's unscholarly account of Pascal in his *Modern France* (v. THE MONTH, Jan. 1923, p. 78).

<sup>2</sup> *Pascal's Provincial Letters* (C.T.S.).

ing Sunday recreation, all of them connected in one way or another with those religious groups which have wandered furthest from the ideals of Catholicity, the Free Churches. The sound Catholic view has been well put by Father Rawlinson, O.S.B., head of the Social Mission at Bermondsey, who says:

There is no religious reason why people should not play healthy outdoor games on Sundays, particularly if they also attend church. Those who do not attend church will not do so if games in the parks are stopped. On the other hand, games probably attract those who would otherwise congregate in the streets and get into mischief through having nothing to do. And why should the hard-working poor be deprived of the pleasures of games which richer people are able to enjoy at their clubs?

Thus the Catholic Church in this sense also is the Church of the poor, standing out always for human rights against the attacks of misguided fanatics. One has only to consider her attitude towards prohibition, betting, divorce, and so forth, for further confirmation of that fact.

**Facilities  
for  
Divorce.**

Another attempt to facilitate the last mentioned evil, embodied in a Bill before Parliament, has actually passed the House of Commons by a large majority. Statistics for 1921 show that the plague is steadily spreading, though it has not yet assumed the character of an epidemic as it has in America. In 1921 there were 3,458 divorces *a vinculo* as against the largest previous number (in 1920) of 3,090. The new Bill is supported on the specious plea that it makes the law equal as between men and women—a plea which only avails when the law is in accord with morality. If entitled, as it well might have been, as “a Bill to legalize adultery on equal terms for both sexes,” the member who, though totally opposed to divorce, supported it on grounds of fairness to women might have been more logical. There is a possibility that its scope may be extended in the Lords, and thereby its chances of rejection. The attitude of Lord Buckmaster, who has charge of it there, is best expressed in his own words at the Institute of Hygiene—“the principal things they were up against were ecclesiasticism and the Church.” The noble lord is in reality “up against” the law of God, though he doubtless doesn’t know it.

**What is at issue  
in Prayer-Book  
Revision?**

We have searched in vain amidst the voluminous literature which the proposal to revise the Book of Common Prayer has produced for any general recognition of the fact that in reality it is doctrine, not discipline, that is in question. If that

fact were recognized much polemic would be seen to be beside the mark. The Anglo-Catholics want Anglicanism committed to belief in the Real Presence and the Sacrifice of the Mass, in the Catholic sense, and in the Sacrament of Orders with all that it implies. To the rest, these doctrines are anathema: they were discarded when the "Church" regained her primitive simplicity and integrity at the Reformation, or, in the case of the modernist, they imply the impossible tenet of the Divinity of Christ. Why do so many of these earnest and learned men, bishops and others, refuse to face this dominant and fundamental fact and talk nonsense about "comprehensiveness," "lines of thought," "different schools," and the like. Every now and then some stalwart Protestant like the Bishop of Durham, or Bishop Knox, breaks like a breeze into the mists of controversy, and for a moment all is clear. But the fog soon settles down again and the verbal camouflage is woven anew. If the disputants would only copy out and pin over their desks the following words of Bishop Knox, the dispute about revision would cease, and the Anglican Church would have some chance of knowing where she stands, or whether she stands at all. His Lordship writes, on June 7th, in answer to a suggestion of some brother bishops regarding yet another conference:

The two bishops ask for another conference of carefully chosen experts who are to go into retreat and prepare yet one more form of Communion service. More prayer, more love may yet work wonders for us. Far be it from me to underrate the power of prayer and love. But it is only honest to point out that even prayer and love cannot make twice two five. If the Roman Mass is truth, the Protestant denial of the Mass is error. The counter-Reformation party are determined to restore the Mass. Protestant England will not consent to its restoration in the National Church. What is wanted is not the sort of service which would have suited the Church of Laodicea, but a plain declaration from the bishops on the teaching of the Church of England. If the bishops were formally in Synod to declare the Roman doctrine of the Mass to be erroneous, and to condemn as disloyal to the Church the attempt to restore the Mass in our churches, they would find either that revision of the Communion service was simpler, or that it was unnecessary.

Here is common sense and common perspicacity. There has been as yet no answer to it.

THE EDITOR.

### III. NOTES ON THE PRESS

[A summary survey of current periodicals with a view to recording useful articles which 1) expound Catholic doctrine and practice, 2) expose heresy and bigotry, and 3) are of general Catholic interest.]

#### CATHOLIC DOCTRINE AND PRACTICE.

**Catholics and Interdenominational Societies** [*Tablet*, June 16, 1923, p. 792].

**Eucharistic Fast: historical and actual** [J. Burel and P. Bayart in *La Vie et les Arts liturgiques*, May, 1923, pp. 301 and 321].

#### CATHOLIC DEFENCE.

**Anglo-Catholics and their Bishops** [E. Lester, S.J., in *Tablet*, June 9, 1923, p. 769].

**Catholics, Half-Baked** [G. Barton in *America*, May 19, 1923, p. 107].

**History according to a Marxian materialist** [H. S. in *Christian Democrat*, July, 1923, p. 1].

**Prejudice and Truth** [Dr. O. B. McGuire in *Catholic Times*, June 23, 1923, p. 7].

**Protestantism, The Decline of**, by a Protestant [T. F. Coakly in *America*, June 2, 1923, p. 151].

**Protestant Propaganda in Spanish America** [C. Boyle in *Razón y Fe*, June, 1923, p. 137].

**Religious Prejudice, How fought in U.S.A.** [*Fortnightly Review*, June 1, 1923, p. 213].

**"Vigilance" Work of the Westminster Catholic Federation** [E. G. Williams in *Universe*, June 29, 1923, p. 7].

#### POINTS OF CATHOLIC INTEREST.

**Bellarmino: relations with France** [X. le Bachelet in *Etudes*, May 20, 1923, p. 383].

**Birth-rate crisis in France** [F. Gibon in *Revue Apologétique*, June 15, 1923, p. 359].

**Catholics and Royalists in France: their relations** [D. Gwynn in *Catholic Times*, June 16, 1923, p. 10].

**Evolution: Canon de Dorlodot's book adversely criticized** [F. Le Buffe, S.J., in *America*, June 9 and 16, 1923, pp. 185, 208].

**French Colony in London, The** [Rev. F. Day in *Tablet*, June 16, 1923, p. 793].

**Guild System in Industry, its benefits** [L. M'Kenna, S.J., in *J.E.R.*, June, 1923, p. 602].

**Nationalism, Studies in** [S. J. Brown in *Studies*, June, 1923, p. 307].

**Pascal: Estimate of his character** [Mgr. Canon Barry in *Catholic Times*, June 30, 1923, p. 9].

**Peace and Pacifism** [*Tablet*, June 16, 1923, p. 792].

**Peace, A, of Reconciliation: Comments on the Pope's Encyclica** [M. E. Parry in *Christian Democrat*, May and June, 1923].

**Retreats in Ireland: Growth of** [R. S. Devane, S.J., in *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, June, 1923, p. 561].



# REVIEWS

## I—SQUARING THE CIRCLE'

THE inherent weakness of the Anglo-Catholic theory becomes more apparent with every attempt to establish it, whether it is made by theologians like Bishop Gore or earnest-minded laymen like Mr. Kenneth Ingram, Barrister-at-Law, who has lately published, through the Society of SS. Peter and Paul, *The Anglo-Catholic Case*. It is a case which can only be plausibly established through some defect of knowledge or some defect of logic. Let us grant that Mr. Ingram states with more than usual clearness what "Anglo-Catholicism" is and what it aims at accomplishing. Though nearly every paragraph calls for comment by way of modification or refutation, the work has been done so often that we must content ourselves here with a brief notice of salient features. Omitting the earlier portion of the book wherein the author establishes his own admission that he is not a theologian by giving *a priori* proofs of the doctrines of the Trinity, Incarnation and Virgin Birth, and by an apparently naturalistic explanation of miracle, we turn to his exposition of the distinctive Anglo-Catholic theory. Let us take the crucial question of Infallibility. Mr. Ingram's conditions for the exercise of Infallibility by Christ's Church will be new to most students. He says that infallible teachings can only come from a General Council, and then only if they are unanimously supported in the Council, and finally only if they are accepted by the whole Church. It would follow that members of the Church, who had fallen into heresy and been condemned by a Council, need only refuse to accept its decrees, in order to shew that the condemnation is not infallible.

As a historian Mr. Ingram makes more admissions than many Anglican writers. Thus he admits:

The Reformation in its later stages became doctrinal, as distinct from constitutional, and the Catholic Order reached its

<sup>1</sup> *The Anglo-Catholic Case* By Kenneth Ingram. London: Society of SS. Peter and Paul. Pp. 80. Price, 2s. 6d.

low-water mark in the Second Prayer Book of Edward VI. The Catholic remnant, however, remained till it practically became eliminated as a result of the Non-Jurors schism of the 18th century. The English Church, though it still retained the Catholic order and sacramental life, now became almost entirely, in its personal and outward presentment of the Faith, a Protestant body. . . . Outwardly the English Church would have been unrecognizable as a limb of the Catholic Body. The sacramental life appeared to have dried up and the Catholic tradition was almost entirely forgotten. . . . Early in the 19th century, however, the Catholic revival was born. . . . The Anglo-Catholic is therefore *in the position of forming a party within the English Church*, because he does not embrace the whole Anglican *personnel*. The Anglo-Catholic is like a *man who has been allowed to enter a house where there are already two or three occupants*, but who claims that the whole house is rightfully his" (p. 48).

Later on he explains the present chaotic condition, the disorder and mutual recriminations between the parties, by a return to this same simile. The occupiers apparently resent being ejected, after nearly 300 years of peaceful occupation, by this newcomer with his preposterous claim that the house is his and that Anglo-Catholics, not Protestants or Modernists, are the genuine "C. of E.'s."

With regard to the constitutional aspect of the Reformation settlement, its obviously un-Catholic Erastianism, he has the comforting solution that *de facto* no such Erastian settlement occurred, since *de jure* it was un-Catholic. He does not seem to realize the possibility of a schism from the Catholic Church having taken place when the Elizabethan Bishops accepted the Royal Supremacy in Spirituals and the English nation, through its Parliament, rejected the authority of Rome. He writes:

The Catholic Church in this country had never, even under the Reformation Settlement, agreed to the interference of the temporality in spiritual affairs: the king was "head of the Church" not in his secular but in his ecclesiastical capacity. [But surely the point is that the monarch has no "ecclesiastical capacity."] And even if the English Church had agreed to this domination, the answer would have been that she had no right so to agree and that any such agreement must be at once and actively repudiated, because it was in itself *ultra vires* and had been made by those who had no power so to commit the Catholic Church.

Quite so! The Catholic Church was not committed;

but those who accepted the new Establishment, the Bishops and people of England, the *personnel* of the Church that was once Catholic, *they* were committed, and by their acceptance became schismatics. Thus the Catholic Church survived in England only in the persons of the faithful remnant who preferred fines, prison and death at Tyburn to apostasy.

With regard to Apostolic Succession and the validity of the Anglican sacramental system, Mr. Ingram finds his strongest argument in the collective and individual spiritual experience of Anglicans and the graces they claim to receive at their Communions.

The Anglo-Catholic revival with "the daily Communions, the thronged confessionals, the endless stream of worshippers before the Reserved Hosts in thousands (sic) of English Churches . . ." etc., etc.; this revival, this restoration of exactly the same collective community experience which exists in the Roman Catholic Church, could never have occurred if there were no sacraments and the Anglo-Catholic experience was merely imagination (p. 60).

To the obvious objection that he deplored 300 years of lifelessness in the Church before this revival, he replies that it was only the Protestant disbelief in the sacramental system, which was the normal Anglicanism of the eighteenth century, that prevented the sacraments from being effective. Surely a Church which claimed to be the abode of the Spirit of Truth could not be characterized for such a long period by heretical teaching in regard to its most precious possession?

With regard to converts to Rome, who have to make an "act of unfaith" in the Sacraments of the Church of England, Mr. Ingram makes the charitable supposition that they never had such spiritual experiences! Rome, he suggests, only recruits 'verts' from such as passed their Anglican lives without being sensibly touched by God's Grace at the time of their Communions.

I am always amused to find that Roman Catholics fling at me the name of some recent Anglican 'vert' with the expectation, apparently, that I shall deplore his secession. I see no reason for the grief I am invited to assume. I may regret that the gentleman who is launching out on this ecclesiastical adventure is *conscious of no sacramental experience in the past*, but I

rejoice that he is going where he will continue to have the opportunity of Catholic privileges (p. 70).

This subjective test of the validity of orders is not rendered any more effective by being regarded as collective. Nonconformists could provide the same collective experience of the Grace of God given at the solemn moment when they approach Him *in bona fide* at their Communion; and this though they have no episcopate to act as a "live wire," transmitting true sacramental powers to a priesthood. As Bishop Gore says—with the Catholic Church—"God is not tied to His own ordinances," and souls that approach Him humbly are blessed and helped by Him even though it be in a Quakers' Meeting House.

And so we fear this new attempt to justify a prolonged and manifest schism, long since sunk into manifold heresy, must go the way of all the other well-meant attempts to run with the hare and hunt with the hounds, to reconcile private judgment and living authority.

F. W.

## 2—PSYCHO-ANALYSIS AND CHRISTIANITY.<sup>1</sup>

THE author states in his "Prefatory Note" that owing to the great efforts being made to popularize the conclusions of current psychological inquiries, "there seems room and need for more discussion of these inquiries from the point of view of Christian faith and practice." And again, having given a clear and well-balanced account of the chief modern psycho-analytic theories, he writes (p. 63), "the reader is now in a position, perhaps, to answer for himself the question . . ." "How far is the whole thing compatible with the Christian faith?" The author's own answer is (p. 64), "There appears to be no necessary and irreconcilable conflict between Christianity and current psychology."

We cannot pass over this statement without comment. As the author himself shows, there are theories of Freud, Jung and many other modern psychologists that are utterly irreconcilable with Christianity. There is in addition the godless, agnostic attitude or standpoint of the majority of psycho-analysts (in treating nerve-disease cases), which is

<sup>1</sup> *Recent Psychology and the Christian Religion*. By Cyril E. Hudson, M.A. London: Allen and Unwin. Pp. 121. Price, 3s. 6d.

at least negatively antichristian. And there is, further, the puerile assumption in the minds of many, based on a complete misunderstanding of both religion and psychology, "that psycho-analysis is destined henceforth to render to the soul the same service which it has hitherto received from religion" (p. 65).

In justice to the author we must make it clear that he rejects with contempt the extravagant blasphemies of Freudians and the ill-balanced opinions of others. He shows clearly the limitations of the natural and the part of the supernatural in life. But at times, as in his optimistic view of the reconcilability of current psychology and Christianity, and in the passage about to be quoted, he cannot be regarded as a clear-sighted and strong protagonist of Christianity. "Who shall set limits [he writes] to what it (psycho-analysis) may some day achieve, not in abnormal cases only, but in the lives of ordinary men and women, hand in hand with Christian faith, recognizing that *libido* may in man be reinforced by the Grace of God." Now, it seems quite clear that as a psychical method, psycho-analysis is useful and *per se* legitimate from a moral point of view; but inasmuch as it is "a body of doctrines" it has still to justify its claim to respect. As a method it may prove helpful in educational systems, but its general application to great numbers will be always impossible. It demands too much time both of the analyst and of the subject. As regards "*libido*," even in its technical sense, of instinctive emotional energy, we fail to see how the phrase "reinforced by Grace" has any intelligible meaning. It would be just as intelligible to speak of the circulatory system as "reinforced by Grace." Supernatural influence has to do with the free will of man, not with physical or emotional energy.

The author is less explicit and clear than is desirable in what he says of Religious Origins and Religious Experiences, and he raises many modern antichristian bogies, without fully demonstrating their fallacies. Nevertheless, despite shortcomings, the book is thoughtful, earnest and scholarly, and any theological inaccuracies that may be found in its pages are such as would hardly be noticed by the lay-Christian. It is an honest effort to vindicate Christianity against the shallow criticisms of many modern psychologists.

E. B. B.

3—A PSYCHO-ANALYTICAL NOVEL<sup>1</sup>

THERE is a considerable section of the reading public, a section by no means unimportant or intellectually contemptible, which can only be reached through the channel of fiction. We do not quite mean that such people read nothing else, but they have their own line of study or of special interest, and outside this they look primarily for recreation, so that serious topics do not appeal to them unless the subject is presented in a light and attractive form. Captain Anderson has developed a remarkable gift for combining a good story and strong human interest with the discussion of some of the most serious problems which confront the religious teacher at the present day. Only a short time back it was our pleasant task to read and to feel able to recommend with a clear conscience his excellent spiritualistic novel, *Professor Aylmer's Experiment*. Now we have a story dealing with psycho-analysis, and after reading it through with both interest and profit to ourselves, we have only to express our appreciation of his very competent treatment of a difficult theme. *The Soul Sifters* is a novel which does not bore and which few will be tempted to throw aside before the end is reached. Still, even those who may possess some little acquaintance with the theories of Freud and Jung will not feel that they have been wasting their time over an idle chronicle of matrimonial complications. Captain Anderson understands what he is writing about, and the critics who may disagree with him will hardly dispute the fact that in both the working out of his story and the incidental comments of the characters he introduces much interesting matter for reflection. Our author is no uncompromising assailant of psycho-analysis *in genere*. It is the Freudian theory which figures disadvantageously in his pages. Further, there is nothing namby-pamby about the book. Readers of *Professor Aylmer's Experiment* will be pleased to renew acquaintance with one or two old friends, and there is the same knowledge of, and sympathy with, the sporting aspects of life in our westernmost English county which were so pleasantly conspicuous in the novel just referred to.

<sup>1</sup> *The Soul Sifters*. By A. J. Anderson. London: Hurst and Blackett. Pp. vii. 279. Price, 7s. 6d. net. 1923.



4—THE DAWN OF THE ENGLISH SCHISM.<sup>1</sup>

MR. ARROWSMITH must be commended for his learned, up-to-date and sympathetic volume on that difficult subject, the century which preceded the Reformation. Where so many of our non-Catholic pundits are notorious for their asperity, precipitation and irony, the rector of Seale keeps warning his readers of the dangers in their path, against the proclivity to condemn the whole for the faults of a part, of the necessity of distinguishing a period of ripeness and decay from one of spring-time and fruitfulness. But unfortunately Mr. Arrowsmith has also some serious limitations. He does not seem in writing to have been aware that a mediæval Catholic bishop held an office which was primarily spiritual, while the modern Protestant bishop who has succeeded him discharges one which is mainly human. Such a one should be, and generally is, active and energetic, as well as kindly and eloquent, reverential towards God and devoted to his flock. Let him race about in a motor-car, let him keep up an enormous correspondence; still this zeal and energy will not give him for himself or others sacraments *veri nominis*, nor jurisdiction in the spiritual sphere, nor the charge of consciences, nor the duty of protecting purity of dogma. By entirely neglecting this distinction between the old conception and the new the whole work is in a way vitiated, not only because the major part of the subject is omitted, but also because essential considerations affecting the rest are passed over.

Nevertheless, that does not prevent our reaping benefit from Mr. Arrowsmith's labours. Take his book as a storehouse, and we shall find in it much useful information on the visitation of convents and monasteries, on the difficulties of ecclesiastical taxation, on the spread of Lollardy. The foundation of colleges comes better within the author's purview and is less liable to exception on the score of treatment.

The discussions on Benefit of Clergy on the other hand halt badly and end absurdly, out of ignorance of what Catholic England really thought of its clerics. Considerable space given to the heading "Bishops"—but blindness as to spirituals again mars the criticism. The concluding words form a good epitome of the better side of this interesting volume.

<sup>1</sup> *The Prelude to the Reformation: a study of English Church life from the age of Wycliffe to the Breach with Rome*, by R. S. Arrowsmith, Rector of Seale. London: S.P.C.K. Pp. xii, 226, 8s. net.

In spite of all that can legitimately be urged against some of the religious houses in their latter days, their treatment by Henry VIII can never fail to evoke both pity and indignation: the decline of monasticism in a difficult age must not blind us to its high ideals and its permanent contributions to religion and civilisation; nor must the failings of the few be allowed to obscure the virtues of the many.

#### 5—THE ARGUMENT FROM DESIGN<sup>1</sup>

THE author of this little work claims to have given a rigorously scientific statement of the argument from final causes—that immemorial argument which is the most easily understood, and up till recently has been the most widely-accepted of all the theistic proofs. Mr. Pell, like most English writers, considers Paley as practically the author of this argument; it was first, he tells us, put on “something like a scientific footing” by himself. We wish Mr. Pell would define a scientific footing. Surely, if an argument is not scientific, it is nothing; and does the author suggest that the argument from design was without logical value till Paley took it up? We are far from disparaging Paley’s work, but such a suggestion is simply absurd. We suspect that, for Mr. Pell, “scientific” means “technical”; he understands the sciences of observation and experiment, such as modern physics and biology. Metaphysics he neither understands nor esteems: to him it is mere “logic-chopping” (p. 8), a system of “fearful and wonderful deductions,” and “a quagmire of nonsensical contradictions.” He seems to have in view chiefly the Hegelian school, but even against the Absolute this sort of writing is rather cheap. Mr. Pell’s besetting temptation throughout is to under-estimate the labours of other thinkers. We think the chief cause of this is sheer ignorance of the history of thought. We give two examples. “The author claims that it is now possible to provide, *for the first time in human history*, exact scientific demonstration of the existence of God.” This from the publisher’s advertisement. Again: “So long as it is attempted to oppose chance to law . . . we can expect nothing but a continuation of the hopeless confusion and misapprehension which have prevailed *for the last few thousand years*.” The italics are ours. The author here asserts a universal misapprehension lasting for a few

<sup>1</sup> *Proof of the Existence of God*, by Charles Edward Pell. London: Cecil Palmer. Pp. 180. Price 7s. 6d.

thousand years—from the very dawn of philosophy, therefore ; and in illustration of this startling proposition he quotes only three or four English writers of this later nineteenth century ! Surely such reckless methods of statement are a serious disfigurement in a "scientific" work.

And now, having said thus much by way of criticism, we can honestly congratulate Mr. Pell on the force and precision with which, from his own peculiar angle, he has presented the great argument. In the best parts of his book he is thoroughly Aristotelian ; for example, in his treatment of the doctrine of chance. He has clearly thought the matter out for himself, and he presents his opinions with vigour and freshness. The refutation of Darwinism (though, again, not original) is satisfying. The author is an enthusiast for the mutation doctrine of de Vries, as against the hypothesis of Natural Selection. We are inclined to think that he does not realize sufficiently how extremely provisional *all* these systems are, and that the evidence for a Divine Providence governing the course of nature is quite independent of the particular mode in which man may conceive either Nature or Providence to work. Cosmic evolution, which in this work is taken as scientifically proved, is, in fact, nothing more than a colossal assumption, which, like other world-theories, may one day be played out and discarded. "The best in this kind are but shadows" ; but in spite of the collapse of scientific hypotheses—in which, from the nature of the case, there can be no finality,—the problem of Existence presents itself always under substantially the same form and admits of but one rational explanation.

The application of the doctrine of Providence in the last chapter of the book, seems to the present writer so exceedingly dubious, that its insertion in this place as a triumphant vindication of the doctrine in question, has rather the effect of an anti-climax.

## 6—METAPHYSICS<sup>1</sup>

THIS second *cahier* of Père Maréchal's *magnum opus* bears the sub-title: *Le Conflit du Rationalisme et de l'Empirisme dans la Philosophie moderne, avant Kant*. It deals with the theories of Cardinal Nicolas da Cusa, Descartes, Malebranche, Spinoza, Leibnitz, Wolff, and with the English empiricists, Locke, Berkeley, Hume. In his account of the

<sup>1</sup> *Le Point de Départ de la Métaphysique*, by J. Maréchal, S.J., D.Sc., *Cahier II*. Bruges: Charles Beyaert. P. x. 192. Price 12.50 fr. 1923.

theories he criticizes Pere Maréchal is not only fair, but also lucid. In each case he has consulted original documents, from which he gives abundant citations, and in each case the salient features of the theory to be discussed stand out with remarkable clearness. In the case of Locke, so forceful is the exposition, that almost I found myself converted to Locke's way of thinking, until the criticism came along.

As my review of the first Cahier of this work occupied so much space (*vide* THE MONTH for May), I must needs confine myself here to but a few remarks. The second Cahier is in no wise inferior to the first, and as a treatise in the history of philosophy should prove of the greatest value to students. The real Descartes is not easy to catch, yet in Pere Maréchal's summary, I think that we have at once Descartes' own point of view and a just estimate of the place of his philosophy in the development of the critical problem. One would expect that here the author would be more at home than in his account of a peculiarly English type of philosophy, and there are indications that with the English itself Pere Maréchal is not quite at his ease. None the less I have seldom read so clear an exposition of our English philosophers, or so brilliant a critique of their positions, all the more interesting because it is not written from the point of view of an Englishman. On one point alone can one feel dissatisfied. The reader is supposed already to have grasped "*la thèse centrale de l'aristotélisme de S. Thomas : appelons celle-ci comme nous voudrions : théorie 'synthétique' du concept, par opposition à une théorie intuitive et analytique ; ou bien, théorie de 'l'universal direct' ; ou bien, théorie de 'l'objet propre de l'intelligence humaine', identifié à la 'quiddité abstraite des choses matérielles' ; ou enfin, théorie de 'la participation essentielle de la sensibilité à nos intellections, grâce à l'unité substantielle de l'âme et du corps.'"* This, the unique theory, which no one clearly conceived before St. Thomas and everyone forgot as soon as he was dead, is still wrapt in a certain obscurity, which a passage in the Introduction purporting to explain it, has by no means dispelled.

L. J. W.

#### 7—STUDENT AND POET<sup>1</sup>

THIS book will introduce to a wider circle one whose life appears singularly hidden and retired when we recall the range of her accomplishments and the charm of

<sup>1</sup> *Louise Imogen Guiney. Her Life and Works, 1861—1920.* By E. M. Tenison. London : Macmillan and Co. Pp. xxvii. 348. Price, 15s. net.

her personality. Few residents of the fair city which so completely possessed her heart knew the stranger within their gates, and her passionate love of Oxford and all that Oxford still stands for. Daughter of an American General of the Civil War she was almost nursed in camp, and the spirit of the soldier, high courage and devotion came to her by birthright. Instinctively, therefore, and without effort, this American woman of the nineteenth century found her ideal in the great-hearted gentlemen of the "high Tory and Cavalier stamp," to use Newman's phrase, who were the true progeny of Oxford, and of whom Hurrell Froude, whose life she wrote, was the type. Her friendship for Lionel Johnson was for the poet who sang of the fatal King as—

Comely and calm he rides  
Hard by his own Whitehall.

Lovelace "going to the wars," George Herbert in his closet; above all, Edmund Campion, son of Oxford and martyr for the Faith, which was once the light of Oxford's schools—these were her heroes. Nothing less American or, for the matter of that, less English, or less representative of the pushful, forward-looking nineteenth century can be imagined than this champion of "lost causes and impossible loyalties." But so she passed from the common bondage of the material and vulgar. The story of her life, from her childhood in America to the end in the little Cotswold town, where she had hoped to finish her book on the Recusant Poets, can be read in Miss Tenison's pages, with a wealth of illustration from her writings and letters.

In this short notice we have only endeavoured to reveal the ardent spirit which animated this gentle gracious life, "the grave high romantic sentiment of antique tradition." The words are her own.

#### 8—A GREAT HUMANIST<sup>1</sup>

**A**LL admirers, or lovers rather, of Mr. Andrew Lang's work—and most of us who are growing old or elderly may be so described—owe a debt of gratitude to the devoted labours and care which have given us this beautiful collection of his poems.

His poetry indeed was but a part of him. Scholar, his—

<sup>1</sup> *The Poetical Works of Andrew Lang*, edited by Mrs. Lang. In four volumes, £2 2s. per set. Edition in two volumes on Oxford India paper, limited to 260 copies, £2 12s. 6d. net. London: Longmans, Green & Co.

torian, critic, he touched life at many points, and he touched nothing which he did not adorn. His many-sided interests, that "versatility," the imputation of which irritated him, must not be allowed to obscure the great value of his work, literary or scientific. Many of the light and fugitive pieces recovered and printed here might give the idea of a "belletristic trifle." He was a critic endowed with exquisite taste and sensibility and equipped with a wide and exact scholarship. He was a man of the world in the wider and more honourable sense of that abused phrase. Nothing human was alien to him, and all that men do came within the range of his kind but keen eyes. Horace, perhaps, and Molière, were the authors most congenial to his spirit. His melancholy, his preoccupation with dead cities and dead ladies,—*"gods dethroned and empires of the past,"*—may have contributed to the failure, in the sense that it failed to secure attention, of his one ambitious effort in verse. Yet *"Helen of Troy,"* with its easy-moving, smooth narrative, deserves to be better known:

And what but this is sweet: at last to win  
 The fields of home that change not while we change;  
 To hear the birds their ancient song begin;  
 To wander by the well-loved streams that range  
 Where not one pool, one moss-clad stone is strange;  
 Nor seem we older than long years ago,  
 Though now beneath the gray roof of the grange  
 The children dwell of them we used to know.

This stanza from *"Helen"* is very characteristic of Lang's self-confessed melancholy. He will live principally in his critical essays and his historical studies. In his *"Essays in Little"* and *"Letters to dead Authors"* there is matter which should not be let die, but the bulk of his literary work is, we fear, found to be in newspapers and reviews. Gladly would we have him back with us to-day. There is much pretension to repress and vulgarity to rebuke. But there is much, too, that would distress his reverent mind and love of all things gracious and of good report.

We may end with the most cordial assent to his own playful apology for his Muse:

She, whatever way she went,  
 Friendly was and innocent,  
 Little need the bard repent  
 Of her lay;  
 Of the babble and the rhyme,  
 And the imitative chime  
 That amused him on a time—  
 Now he's gray.



9—THE GOSPEL OF ST. MATTHEW<sup>1</sup>

THE appearance of such a mighty work as this, following upon editions of Luke and Mark by the same author, moves us in the first place to congratulations. It represents a large output of conscientious labour, and the trilogy as a whole, we fancy, can hardly be matched in size as a treatment of the Synoptic Gospels by a single scholar. Taken as a whole, this edition of St. Matthew's Gospel appears to us to be on a level with the most important work inside and outside the Church, and to have produced it is a solid service to the Catholic cause.

The very bulk makes it difficult to review, and brings home to us the fact that it is not easy to use. Père Lagrange has a mind and style of a kind we expect rather from the eastern side of the Rhine, and lacks that *netteté*, the logical precision with which the best French scholars instinctively unfold a wide synthesis. The clear statement of conclusion, the exact arrangement and co-ordination of arguments, the plain indication of whence and whither in the enumeration of phenomena, can hardly be called prominent features in the introduction. But the difficulty of following the lines of development are not entirely due to the author; little use has been made of the printer's art for the purpose. This is a complaint, indeed, that might also be levelled against the *Cursus Sacrae Scripturae* of Father Cornely and his helpers, and doubtless the question of expense must be taken into account in this regard; still, we cannot but point out with regret how far these works fall short, let us say, of the *International Critical Commentary* in such matters. The index of the present book, too, is deficient in the matter of names. This difficulty of actual use is a great limitation, and evidently impairs the permanent usefulness of the book.

The defects of which we have spoken make themselves felt most in what concerns the origin of the Gospel, which is perhaps the chief question in Gospel criticism to-day, and which was naturally what we most desired to study in the book. The author does not appear to have come to close grips with the subject, and to have worked the matter out for himself; nor in regard of this particular question is there much evidence of that wide reading which we trace

<sup>1</sup> *Évangile selon Saint Matthieu.* Par le P. M.-J. Lagrange, des Frères Prêcheurs. Paris: Gabalda. Pp. clxxxviii. 560. Price, 45 fr. 1923.

elsewhere in the work. Père Lagrange appears to lean rather heavily on Hawkins and Allen, while of course differing from them also; but these, as appears from their published works, stand committed to the "two-document" hypothesis, which was practically the basis upon which Dr. Sanday's *Seminar* at Oxford upon the Synoptic Problem (which these two scholars attended) habitually worked, and the abandonment of that hypothesis (required by the Biblical Commission) leaves the author with little else to offer. The magnifying of the liberty taken by the translator is an obvious but rather dangerous expedient. Père Lagrange even says of Greek Matthew (p. cxxiii.), *Sa manière est moins celle d'un traducteur exact que d'un Targum*; rather an ominous sentence for those familiar with the methods of the Targums. And for the discourse-matter peculiar to Matthew and Luke little is forthcoming in the way of satisfactory explanation. In his edition of St. Luke, Père Lagrange suggested (p. lxxxv.) that St. Luke knew at least Greek extracts of Matthew, embracing the discourses in their actual state and order—a very improbable hypothesis, when we consider how the discourse-matter carefully worked up into discourses by St. Matthew is found scattered in Luke. We confess to some uncertainty as to what is exactly intended in the present work, but it seems to be the same suggestion, with the idea that Matthew must be absolutely the ultimate source.

What we miss in all this is fair play to the possibilities of oral tradition, possibilities which can hardly be said to be taken seriously into account. If, indeed, the author had been at pains to search the more obvious Catholic literature, he would have found in the first volume of *Biblica* (1920) a restatement of the case for oral tradition alleging several new points of importance, and among them the evidence (given by Hawkins himself) that one can and must distinguish in each Gospel the linguistic element due to the common groundwork from that due to the "working up" of that element by each evangelist.

We have insisted upon the question of the origin of the Gospel, because it is of such vital importance to-day for our apologetic, and for the study of the Gospels generally; but what belongs to this is not, of course, the whole of the Introduction, and even in this part there is much that shows painstaking and scholarly work. But the best part of the

volume seems to us to be the detailed commentary on the verses; we have not the space for examples, but may say in general that Hebrew and Aramaic and rabbinical lore are successfully applied to the elucidation of the text.

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10—DON BOSCO<sup>1</sup>

**I**N view of the present cost of printing it is perhaps too much to hope that the admirable *Life of Don Bosco*, written originally by Don Lemoyne, and since then revised and amplified by Don A. Amadei, can be rendered accessible to our countrymen in an English translation. In its Italian form the two volumes, though containing close upon 1,500 pages and embellished with many illustrations, are obtainable for 20 lire, and we rejoice to see that the enterprise of the publishers has apparently been rewarded by the sale of 18,000 copies. Such miracles of cheapness are not to be expected here, but we do very much regret the loss of this beautiful book to those who seem specially to stand in need of the example and the moral instruction in which its pages abound. There is much in Don Bosco which reminds us of Mussolini. Perhaps it is the strong and beautiful face, the humble origin, the clearness of view and the unflinching courage. But, of course, with his sublime Christian ideals, Don Bosco stands on a far higher plane, and there is a wonderful tenderness and brightness in the character and a profound personal humility which are not to be met with apart from great holiness of life. When one is brought into contact with the detailed presentment of Don Lemoyne, illustrated with numerous extracts from letters and discourses, one realizes the futility of any brief memoir to give an idea of the great personality which effected so much by sheer force of character. From start to finish the book is interesting and a record of triumphs, while the asceticism is of a kind that is felt to be practical and in touch with modern conditions. It is curious to find in its pages an echo of Lord Palmerston's devotion to northern Italy, though we have a doubt whether the minister referred to was, as the author states, Lord Palmerston himself and not rather his envoy Lord Minto. Anyhow, Don Bosco, who always

<sup>1</sup> G. B. Lemoyne and A. Amadei, *Vita del Venerabile Giovanni Bosco*. Torino: Società Editrice Internazionale. New edit. 2 vols. Pp. viii. 702; viii. 768. Price, 20 l.

disguised his own personal share in the incidents he recounted, tells the story in the third person and mentions no names. "It is not so very long ago," he wrote in 1877, "since a Minister of the Queen of England paying a visit to an educational institute in Turin [Don Bosco's own creation] was taken into a great hall where some five hundred boys were busied with their lessons. He marvelled not a little to see this crowd of lads keeping perfect silence without any monitors, and his astonishment was even greater when he learned that perhaps in a whole year there would not be a word said to cause disturbance, or a single occasion for inflicting or even threatening a punishment. 'How can you possibly keep such silence and such discipline?' he inquired. 'I should like to know about it; and you,' he added, turning to his secretary, 'take a note of what I tell you.' 'My Lord,' the Director of the institute replied, 'the means which we employ are impossible for you.' 'But why?' 'Well, they are a secret known only to Catholics.' 'How do you mean?' 'I am speaking of frequent confession, and communion and a devout attendance at Mass every day.' 'Yes, you are right, we have nothing of that kind to count on. But can it not be supplied in any other way?' 'Well, if you don't use religious motives, you have to fall back on threats or the cane.' 'You are perfectly right; you are perfectly right. It is a choice between religion and the cane. I shall tell them about it in London.'"

We fear that, even with frequent confession and communion and daily Mass, it is not always possible to work such miracles. It was the wonderful power of the man himself and the atmosphere created by his penances and prayers. Finally, one word must be said to commend the excellent choice of illustrations which, though poor in execution, add notably to the charm of these two volumes.

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## SHORT NOTICES.

### APOLOGETIC.

**A**S an argument for the existence of God *Das Dasein Gottes*, by O. Zimmermann, S.J. (Herder: 80.00 m.), endeavours to develop the implications of man's desire for unity in the universe, the inspiration of all philosophy. It is thus based upon the very foundation of the Monist's creed, while it shows that the latter's logic stops illogically short of the only conclusion which his premises warrant. In pre-war times

Monism was the fashionable creed of not a few; even now its vigour is not quite extinct and Father Zimmermann's refutation of it has therefore lost nothing of its actuality. The construction side of his argument is a fine piece of reasoning, and though the various links might perhaps not quite convince when taken severally, the whole chain is seen to be a valid argument for the existence of God.

Those who wish to get a clear and succinct idea of the various efforts made towards the union of the Christian Churches with Rome can do no better than read, undeterred by its formidable title, *Die Kirchlichen Wiedervereinigungsbestrebungen der Nachkriegszeit* (Pfeiffer and Co.: 20.00 m.), the address delivered by Dr. Pfeilschifter on this subject. It is a masterly analysis of the causes of disruption between the Churches and the great obstacles that have to be faced in spite of mutual good will. He traces the post-Reformation movement towards unity, from its beginning to the present day, with a forecast of its possible result. The fascinating problem of how political factors have determined and shaped the course of the various efforts for union is touched upon but slightly. One would have liked to hear more on that side of the subject.

#### DEVOTIONAL.

*Les Allocutions Matrimoniales* of M. le Chanoine Duplessy (Téqui: 7.50 fr.) have apparently had a vogue in France as the words *Quatrième mille* suggest. But our weddings here are not so formal, nor do we expect discourses thereat to vary in such strict accord with the profession or status of the bridegroom.

The Catholic Church is now more generally spoken of, by thoughtful people, as the hope of the world as far as international politics are concerned. And even the more thoughtless realize that the only practicable peace is a Christian peace. Hence, any book which deals with these thoughts and, enlarging them, proves their truth, is most *apropos* at the present time. Mgr. Tissier, Bishop of Chalons-sur-Marne, has collected and printed some conferences of this kind under the title of *Les Disciplines du Relèvement National* (Téqui: 5 fr.), which will be found to deal most wisely with current problems.

Some *alumni* of the great Benedictine Abbey of Maredsous in Belgium have signalized the golden jubilee of their house by publishing *Une Journée Chez les Moines* (Lethielleux: 7.50 fr.), which forms a running commentary, present and historical, on Benedictine asceticism as expressed in their rule and life. It is a very readable and edifying volume, finely illustrated by photogravures of celebrated Benedictine abbeys and great men of the various Congregations.

A more intimate and spiritual expression of the same idea is contained in the volume of Conferences delivered at Maredsous by the late Dom Columba Marmion and called *Le Christ Idéal du Moine* (Maredsous: 9.00 fr.). The Conferences are grouped around the two steps in the process of perfection, the abandonment of self and the world (*reliquimus omnia*) and the putting on of Christ (*et secuti sumus Te*). The excellence of the book has already caused it to be translated into English.

A collection of meditations and religious instructions for small children has just appeared under the title of "*Choses divines et petits enfants*" (*Revue des Jeunes*: 22.00 frs.). The writer, Madame Marie Fargues, is

obviously a mother herself, with all a mother's understanding of the childish mind. The great mysteries of our faith are taught in a simple, straightforward manner, by means of little stories and simple conversations, very short and concise, and well calculated to arouse the interest of the child. Numerous little unconventional pen and ink sketches by Henri Brochet and a very clear large type add to the attractiveness of the volume.

Education, the training of the youthful mind is one of the great pre-occupations of the present day in every civilized country. Hence, M. l'Abbé Delerue has recently brought out two volumes of letters and discourses entitled "*Au Seuil de la Vie*" (Téqui: 10.00 frs.), and addressed to "la jeune fille chrétienne et française," wherein much fatherly advice is given concerning a girl's thoughts and actions, her habits, and the different careers, which may lie before her. As one might expect, they are written with sympathy and understanding by one keenly alive to the dangers of youth, and will be a help to all those who have charge of the young.

The "Exercises of St. Ignatius" have given rise to a library of commentary, and any new exposition of them must face the test of comparison with many predecessors. So judged, Father Lattey's "Eight Days' Retreat for Religious"—aptly styled *Thy Love and Thy Grace* (Herder: 6s. net)—comes well out of the ordeal. It is to some extent novel in arrangement without departing from the logical sequence of the original. It appeals mainly to the intellect, for a grasp of truth must precede right action. It presupposes a close familiarity with the "Exercises" themselves, which are rarely quoted, and makes no parade of the apparatus, preludes, etc., which are the conventional setting of the meditations. The matter is thoroughly sound but, like the original, sometimes over-condensed: indeed many "meditations" might be called "considerations," so little are they diluted by the affective element. One meditation, for instance, in the "First Day," practically resolves itself into an instruction on the use of the sacraments. The exposition deals mainly with life under the vows of religion. Yet, even so, the author, unconsciously it may be, sometimes writes as if only the male sex had to be considered. "The perfectly equipped religious," he says, "is a gentleman, a scholar and a saint," and he discusses in detail these three requirements. However, it is the spirit which is insisted on—"the mind that was in Christ Jesus"—and its application to modern times that give their chief value to these thoughtful and zealous pages, and this spirit knows nothing of sex-discrimination. Father Lattey rightly emphasizes the call to the Apostolate involved in the mere possession of the Catholic Faith.

It is with pleasure we welcome another book from the pen of Father Raoul Plus, S.J., to which Cardinal Mercier has written a preface. *Living with God* (B. O. and W.: 2s. 6d. net) is more or less a companion volume to the author's previous one, *God in Us*. It is a collection of inspired and uplifting thoughts, condensed into small maxims and divided into eight chapters under appropriate heads. This book should help all who read it to love God more, but it will come as an especial blessing to those who find meditation a difficulty, and to others to whom much spiritual reading is denied. For, open it where one will, there is not a paragraph that is not calculated to raise the heart to God. There are many quotations from the saints and others, and the reference



for each is clearly given. We like the simplicity of this book throughout, its style, construction, and general appearance. To appropriate Our Lord's words to St. Mechtilde: "All who seek Me faithfully will find in this book great cause for joy."

Father Charles Willi's great work, *Le Bréviaire Expliqué* (Téqui: 2 vols. Price not given), has reached a second edition, an indication that it meets a long-felt need and is welcome to many who have to employ the Roman Breviary. Simply and clearly written, well informed, yet devoid of any pedantic array of footnotes and quotations, it well serves the purpose for which it was written, viz., a fuller understanding and a more pious recitation of the Breviary. The first volume, which forms particularly interesting reading, relates the historical development of the present Breviary, and lays down the principles that led to both its daily and its yearly cycles. The second volume contains sober explanations of the respective Offices for each day of the week, for the Blessed Virgin Mary, for Apostles, etc. The book, however, cannot be said to supersede Battifol's *Histoire du Bréviaire Romain*, but serves rather to popularize the erudition of the latter.

#### SERMONS.

*Fêtes de France*, by Père Janvier, is one of the publications of the *Revue des Jeunes* (3 Rue de Luynes, Paris), and consists of discourses and panegyrics delivered on various important occasions by one of France's most popular preachers. These occasions include that of the consecration of the Basilica at Montmartre, the seventh centenary of St. Dominic, to whose Order Père Janvier belongs, and others equally inspiring. The discourse preached on the centenary of Frederic Ozanam is in a special manner imbued with the "young spirit," the spirit of the movement which is doing so much for France.

#### BIOGRAPHY.

From among the many thousands of letters written by St. Ignatius, Father Karrer has picked out some sixty which seemed to contain the gist of the saint's religious and apostolic ideal, and has called the selection, *Des Hl. Ignatius von Loyola Geistliche Briefe und Unterweisungen* (Herder: 80.00 m.). Many side-lights are also thrown on his personality and methods of government. St. Ignatius was not a finished letter-writer, but he possessed in a very high degree the gift of saying the right thing at the right time. As most of the letters in Father Karrer's collection appear for the first time in print, they will be of quite especial interest to students of Ignatian spirituality and methods.

#### ANGLICAN WORKS.

That the Archdeacon of Wilts belongs to a non-teaching Church is evident from the Introduction to a series of addresses which he gave to an Anglican Girls' Diocesan Association and has since published under the title *God with Us* (Longmans: 2s. net). For he starts by saying: "Often in these days . . . we are bewildered by the variety of current interpretations of [God's] Being and character." The Catholic contemplates the idea of God, not with bewilderment caused by variety of interpretations but with certain definite notions, based upon reason, and confirmed and extended by revelation, clear and explicit enough to

enable him to enter into the most intimate relations with his Creator and Father. This is not, of course, to say that the Infinite does not in many ways baffle the finite mind, but only that revelation, as interpreted by a teaching Church, is meant to give us with certainty all the knowledge we need to enable us to attain union with God both here and hereafter. Catholics will not learn anything fresh from Archdeacon Bodington's earnest, if rather vague, talks about God and the soul, but they will be told much that is insular and misleading, as for instance, that the doctrine of the Divine Immanence was "to a strange extent forgotten by vast masses of Christians for long centuries, until lately it has been recollected and taken as a new discovery." For when did the Catholic Church ever forget the Holy Spirit who abides with her and in her for ever?

#### PHILOSOPHICAL.

*The Appearance of Mind*, by James Clark McKerrow, M.B. (Longmans: 6s.) is a valiant attempt to explain the evolution of mind in all its grades on purely phenomenist lines. The author wishes, in the spirit of David Hume, to discard the concept of Subject or Substance entirely from Psychology. "Spiritual values," he tells us, have developed "from physico-chemical action by Natural Law"; and he claims to have traced their evolution. This is an old story, and not a very entertaining one; nor can we say that Mr. McKerrow does much to enliven his theme. It is astonishing to us that a man of ability should be satisfied with a scientific theory so superficial and so self-stultifying. That his theory is atheistic he frankly avows; that it outrages common sense at many points he triumphantly insists. For him these are the healthiest possible symptoms in a philosophical writer. He saves himself from the absurdities of his own theorizings, by the Kantian dodge of overruling the Pure Reason by the Practical. "We find ourselves at once Atheist and Theist, Necessitarian and Libertarian, Mortal and Immortal." "We have used words in a Pickwickian sense." Our criticism would be that the work of his Pure Reason, by which he reduces Man and the World into "a Series of Conditioned Events," seems to us by no means so rigorously necessary as he supposes. The paradoxes of this philosophy are far more arbitrary than the prejudices of plain common sense. Mr. McKerrow does not seem to be aware that these paradoxes have been examined and disposed of time and again by Pure Reason itself.

#### SCIENTIFIC.

The Abbé Moreux is well known in France as a popular exponent of scientific theory, even of its very latest aberrations. He is also a distinguished protagonist of the Faith against those who, knowing science but by acquaintance, would use it to refute Catholic dogma. In his book, *What shall we become after Death*, translated by J. P. Scholfield (Sands: 5s. net), he discusses Hyperspace, Elliptical Geometry, Electrons, Radium, Stereochemistry, Cristallography, the Theory of Tropisms. He is familiar alike with Lobatschewsky, Bolyai, Riemann, and with Hertz, Van Hoff, Kelvin, Lodge, Kauffman. So far as such matters and such people can be discussed in simple language, the Abbé Moreux has done this, and the translator is to be heartily congratulated on the gigantic task he has accomplished in rendering into English a work so rich

in technical terms and phrases. The Abbé's main purpose would seem to be to give us some sort of picture of what we should be like if we were totally different from what we are. Nothing that science has discovered in any way conflicts with the doctrine of a resurrection. On the contrary, in modern science are opened out possibilities which indicate that human experience might have been, and so may become, very different from what it is at present. We shall be changed, as St. Paul says, and of the manner of our change science itself gives us at least a dim outline.

Though somewhat refreshed at the thought that somebody knows what it would be like if our retinas were sensitive to four or five quadrillions of vibrations a second, the general impression which this book creates upon the reader is one of bewilderment. We feel that, in the shower-bath of learning in which we have bathed, the waters have been playing on us at too high a pressure. The experience has been cheap at five shillings. Yet in the result we are not so much convinced as overwhelmed. And the words of Donne occur to one.

When wilt thou shake off this pedantry,  
Of being taught by sense and fantasy?  
Thou look'st through spectacles; small things seem great  
Below; but up unto the watch-tower get,  
And see all things despoiled of fallacies;  
Thou shalt not peep through lattices of eyes,  
Nor hear through labyrinths of ears, nor learn  
By circuit or collections to discern.  
In heaven thou straight know'st all concerning it,  
And what concerns it not shalt straight forget.

#### POLITICAL ECONOMY.

There are few books on social economics that have won their way into fame and favour so speedily and so deservedly as Father Fallon's *Principes d'Economie Sociale* (Lethielleux: 13.00 fr.), and few that embrace so wide a range of questions on the subject. We called attention to its varied good qualities in March last year, and now there appears a second revised and enlarged edition, embodying further improvements. No one, with such books as those of Father Fallon, Dr. Ryan and Mr. Devas before him can reproach Catholic writers on economics with a want of appreciation of modern industrial conditions and of the necessary modification in outlook and practice required by them. Father Fallon in this book shows clearly how possible and salutary it is to apply the Christian point of view to all the vital economic questions. The chapters on private property, on nationalization of industries, on Taylorism, socialism, etc., are treated with a thoroughness that is rarely found elsewhere; while on many other allied topics the case "pro" and "con" has been put with brevity without loss of lucidity and force. The market in futures, agricultural and commercial credit, for instance, questions of considerable intricacy in themselves, could hardly be made clearer even to the veriest tyro in these matters, than has been done by Father Fallon. There is room for further improvements and we can wish Father Fallon a speedy opportunity of making them. One would have desired, for instance, a fuller and more scientific treatment of the population question, whilst the chapter on money loses in completeness what it gains in brevity.

#### POETRY.

The making of Anthologies is a delight, and to publish them adds

the spice of danger. The compiler must expect criticism, not always gentle or reasonable. When Palgrave, by common consent the most successful in this kind, attempted a sequel to his famous *Treasury*, he proved a fallible critic of his contemporaries. We prefer to praise Sir A. Methuen, who has published *Shakespeare to Hardy: an Anthology of English Lyrics* (Methuen: 6s.), and thank him for many pleasing additions he has made to the common stock, and we will not search for omissions. Perhaps it is strange that Matthew Arnold gets twice the space of Shakespeare.

Translated poetry rarely fares well, but in *The Lord of Death* (bound, 4s. 6d. net; paper, 1s. 6d. net), a play by Marguerite Allotte De La Fuye, translated by Louis N. Parker, Messrs. Longmans have published a fine version of a fine play, the action of which takes place in Jerusalem in the time of the Passing of Our Lord. The leading female character is Veronica, who is here made out to be the daughter of the Centurion whose servant was restored to life. The authoress, one of France's foremost poets, with a magnificent restraint which materially strengthens the dramatic force of the story, makes the Divine Figure the central one without introducing It, except through the narrative of the witnesses of the Passion. The prologue is the dramatic scene of the sudden restoration to life and health of Gallus, the servant. The main action of the play takes place in Jerusalem. The culminating scene is witnessed from the window of the Centurion's house, from which Veronica rushes with the veil, borrowed from the despairing wife of Pilate. She brings it back, and the curtain falls on the displaying of the message of Immortality from the Lord of Death. The stage directions are clear and full of delicate touches which show how completely the author has mastered the art of drama. Even when read the play is intensely moving; acted, it should be extraordinarily effective. It should be noted that the performing rights are fully protected, and permission, even in the case of amateurs, must be obtained from the author's agents.

*Time's Gift; Verse in varying mood*, by Celest Zanetti, presents the poet in an especially happy mood in the six poems for children. All the verses in the volume either march on with a definite tramp or trip with the light foot of the dancer. Lilt and rhythm, with pleasing poetic fancies to match, mark this pleasure-giving little collection, the attractive get-up of which adds to its charm. The poet's moods vary, but all are congenial to Faith, Hope and Charity. He is on delightful terms with Nature and with the fairies—perhaps that is why the little poem, "Babe Divine," and another, "Janua Coeli," "get there" so satisfactorily on a higher plane. Considering the excellence of the printing and *format* the little volume is cheap at 2s. 6d. It is published by Burns, Oates and Washbourne.

Miss Margaret G. Ferguson's *Sacred Verse* (Morland: 2s. 6d. net), gives expression to the sentiments that are aroused by devotional reflections in a manner which is acceptable to many who prefer a metrical to a prose rendering of such thoughts. The various little meditations have the hall mark of sincerity and the verse is pleasing, and conveys the religious truth dwelt upon in a manner not unworthy of its native beauty, which is far from always being the case in an art akin to that of the hymn-writer.

## FICTION.

A very healthy, happy little story is *Monica's Mistakes* (B.O. and W.: 3s. 6d.), by C. F. Oddie. One might call it an ideal child's story. It deals with Convent school life, and all the naughty characters are nice, and the good characters are every bit as likeable as the naughty ones. The heroine gets into trouble with herself through her own good intentions. There is no incipient villainy amongst the remarkably delightful little gang of fourth-form damsels, no martyrdoms of misunderstanding, no false accusations, yet, withal there remains plenty that has to come right in the end. We have seldom met such real children in the pages of any book, or such real grown-ups in a children's book. *Monica's Mistakes* should do much to give the recalcitrant schoolgirl the teacher's point of view—it would take the fizz out of many an escapade unworthy of what the author, turning aside from Guides or Handmaidens for the nonce, prefers to call a "duinne-wassal." If you want to know what that means—why, as the cover says, you had better read the book.

Certain *contes* by the well-known priest writer, "Pierre l'Ermite," which have already appeared in various periodicals, are now gathered together under the modest title of *Les Miettes* (Bonne Presse: 0.25 fr.) These little stories all point a moral and show up the dangers of Bolshevism, strikes, empty cradles, "vocations manquées," and other of our present day troubles. Slight, tender, wistful in their appeal, they are somewhat lacking in force—perhaps a dash of mordant wit or satire would have made them more palatable, and given us an appetite for more.

Mr. Richard Ball is a conscientious novelist of the analytical school, and in *Martinswood* (Sands & Co.: 7s. 6d. net), he gives his literary qualities full play. It is a tale of the interactions between certain members of Irish "county society" and its fringe, with no plot and very little construction, and nothing more exciting in it than fox hunts and garden fêtes. The writing is always good and the dialogue racy of the soil. We find Mr. Ball's peasants and villagers much more interesting than the higher strata: he wields the pen of a closely observant and picturesque writer, and is never careless, but the book would be more readable if incident and analysis were better proportioned.

Father R. Holland, S.J., has turned from writing the lives of genuine saints to sketching the careers of mythical sinners. Not that Master Reardon in *Reardon Rah!* (Benziger Bros.: \$1.25 net), was much of a sinner, being only an American schoolboy in process of evolution. His faults and misfortunes, aided by a sympathetic master, proved the means of developing self-control, and, in their detail, of providing us with a pleasant hour's reading. British schoolboys will get from the record some details about the mystic game of baseball, some fearsome American slang, and not a little edification.

It is not every day one comes across a book of such real charm and dignity as *The Betrothal of Felicity*, by Florence Drummond (Longmans: 7s. 6d. net). The plot is original, and embodies high spiritual ideals and noble purposes, and shows the glory of self-sacrifice and its ultimate reward. With a gift of vivid description and expression, this artist has woven a love story of great beauty and interest. She has a wide range

of observation and the power of making her characters live, although occasionally she seems to make them enunciate her own ideas rather than those they would naturally have chosen to express. Particularly well drawn is the splendid figure of the Anglican "Father" Aldred, but to the majority of readers of his Church—who hold diametrically opposite views—his position will no doubt seem a little puzzling. Miss Piercy's remark, "I suppose it pleases that man to be a Jesuit," will not help to enlighten them! The story as a whole shows good construction, but where the authoress fails, we think, is in not having condensed it more. We have seldom seen a more depressing illustration than that upon the wrapper, and we sincerely hope it won't prejudice artistic people against this charming book.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

To anyone tempted to complain of their lot, whether it be sorrow or suffering or—as is too often the case—much smaller things, we should like to have forcibly read aloud the beautiful little book Messrs. Longmans have just published, entitled **Triumphant over Pain** (3s. net). It is by a lady who prefers us to refer to her as the author of *Epecially*, and it tells of her poignant experiences at the military hospital at Netley during the war. And of how, among other things, men who had lived with no belief in God, she was able to help as they came to die, to faith and hope and love. But it must not be thought that this is a sad book. On the contrary it is written in a vivacious and original style, and the authoress has a keen sense of humour that never for a moment jars or is out of place. It is a book that should bring courage to the weakest, and charity to the most selfish, for although the authoress is not herself a Catholic, she voices true Catholic doctrine when she says: "Those who suffer most, do most for the world after all—they fill up the measure . . . the measure of the sufferings of Christ."

The author of **The Creed for the Twentieth Century**, Mr. C. G. Harrison (Longmans: 4s. 6d.), like many others of this self-confident age, does not err on the side of modesty. Were his aim no more than "the connection of a false . . . impression that the advance of knowledge . . . has made it impossible for intelligent persons to hold in the twentieth century beliefs about God . . . which satisfied our simple forefathers," we should call this a fairly ambitious programme, still one that would repay careful attention if worthily treated. But such treatment is lacking here, and a few quotations will suffice to show the nature of this contribution to a "Twentieth Century Creed": "While the question of authority, as interpreted by the Church of Rome, constitutes a formidable obstacle to belief in the Catholic Church as a philosophy of life adapted to the needs of the present day, no such obstacle stands in the way of its hearty acceptance by the cultured classes generally, and scientific men in particular, in the Church of England" (p. 42). But it is comforting to know that the "formidable obstacle" is not really formidable, for "it (The Modern Papacy) is, and has long been, for all useful purposes dead" (p. 74). For all that, and though "Popery is a malignant growth on a large section of the Catholic Church . . . a work of the Devil" (p. 84), some of us can still be useful, as witness the following "anticipation" of reunion: "Pius XI. . . being a scholar



and an advanced thinker, is likely to reinstate the Jesuits in place of the conservative Dominicans as the 'Power behind the Pope.'" (p. 106). Can it really be that Mr. Harrison is himself one of the "Jesuits in disguise" at whom he pokes fun on p. 107? We could almost think so, were he not quite so guileless.

## MINOR PUBLICATIONS.

We have space merely to mention the recent output of the C.T.S., which is gradually building up again the catalogue which war-conditions so grievously depleted. **The Music of the Church**, by Richard A. B. Burke, describes historically the Gregorian chant. **The Sisters of Mercy** describes one of the most familiar of our active congregations. **What is Purgatory like?** by Dr. E. Towers, develops certain aspects of the intermediate state which are sometimes lost sight of. In **The Question of Reunion**, a most *apropos* pamphlet, Dr. Downey is careful to point out that the Church as such has never lost her note of unity. **Revelation**, by the Rev. C. Lattey, clearly explains what the Church's doctrine is, and is not, on a difficult subject. **Old England and her Church**, by the Rev. Vincent Hornyold, is a reprint of a very popular and useful pamphlet.

Messrs. Burns, Oates and Washbourne have added to the liturgical library which they are putting at the disposal of, we hope, a grateful Catholic public, **The Office of the Blessed Sacrament** (Price: 3s. net cloth; 4s. 6d. net leather), in Latin and English—a daintily bound and clearly printed little book which will be welcome to those who love liturgical worship.

To review in any adequate sense the 52 threepenny pamphlets of Anglican theology, designed by the Society of SS. Peter and Paul to furnish the man in the street with a working knowledge of Christianity, would take up a considerable portion of this periodical. Extrinsically, except perhaps for their price, they are models of what propaganda pamphlets should be—neat, well printed and covered, short (varying from 16 to 32 pages). As for their doctrine, in the absence of any external standard in Anglicanism, that varies in orthodoxy, depending on the amount of Catholic teaching the particular writer has imbibed.

Equal praise must be bestowed on the material get-up of the **Anglo-Catholic Congress Handbook** (Society SS. Peter and Paul: 1s.) which reaches us too late for extended notice.

## BOOKS RECEIVED

(Reviewed in present issue or reserved for future notice.)

## ACTION CATHOLIQUE, Brussels.

*Vos Lectures : Baptême d'Urgence : Lueurs d'au-Delà ! Ceux qui ne croient pas ; Catalogus principum qua abrogavit Novum jus Canonium.* Pamphlets by G. Hoornaert, S.J. *Le Combat de la Pureté.* By G. Hoornaert, S.J. Pp. 364. Price, 6.90 fr.

## BENZIGER BROS., New York.

*Whoopie!* By N. Boynton, S.J. Pp. 203. Price, \$1.25.

## BLACKWELL, Oxford.

*Economics for Christians.* By Joseph

Clayton. Pp. 116. Price, 3s. 6d. n.

## BURNS, OATES &amp; WASHBOURNE, London.

*Eugenics.* By V. Fallon, S.J. Pp. 62. Price, 1s. *A Planchette Problem.* By Sister M. Christopher, O.S.D. Pp. viii. 125. Price, 4s 6d. *Living with God.* By R. Plus, S.J. Pp. xvi. 93. Price, 2s. 6d. *The Conventual Third Order of St. Dominic.* By a Dominican of Stone. Pp. xv. 77. Price, 3s. 6d. net. *The Office of the Blessed Sacrament.* Pp. 104. Price, 3s. n.

- CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY, Maryknoll.  
*Father Price of Maryknoll.* Pp. xv. 91. Price, \$1.00, post free.
- CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY OF AMERICA, Washington.  
*A Study in Greek Epistolography.* By F. X. J. Exler. O'Præm. Pp. 140. GABALDA, Paris.
- Saint Pierre Claver.* By G. Ledos. Pp. xiv. 175. Price, 3.50 fr.
- Le B. Robert Bellarmin.* By J. Thermes, S.J. Pp. vi. 204. Price, 3.50 fr.
- GREGORIAN UNIVERSITY, Rome.  
*Institutiones Historiæ Philosophiæ.* By Frederick Klimke, S.J. 2 Vols. Pp. x. 388, 452. Price, 42.00 fr.
- GILL & SON, Dublin.  
*Gaelic Pioneers of Christianity.* By Dom Louis Gougand, O.S.B. Pp. xxiii. 166. Price, 7s. 6d. net.
- Mère Marie du Jésus.* By the Carmel of Paray-le-Monial. Pp. i. 335. Price, 10.00 fr.
- GRAFIA, Rome.  
*Il Beato Roberto Bellarmino.* By P. Tacci-Venturi, S.J. Pp. vii. 187. Price, 12.00 l.
- HERDER, London.  
*Notes of a Catholic Biologist.* By Rev. G. A. Kreidel. Pp. 218. Price, 7s.
- The Sevenfold Gift.* By W. F. Robison, S.J. Pp. 238. Price, 7s.
- The Epistles of St. Paul.* By C. J. Callan, O.P. Pp. 726. Price, 25s.
- The Parables of the Gospel.* By L. Fonck, S.J. 3rd Edit. Pp. 830. Price, 18s.
- The Divine Story.* By C. J. Holland, S.T.L. Pp. 234. Price, 4s.
- At the Feet of the Master.* By A. Huonder, S.J. Pp. 338. Price, 7s.
- Health and Happiness.* By F. J. Dore, S.J., M.D. Pp. 252. Price, 7s.
- Handbook of Scripture Study.* Vol. III. *The New Testament.* By H. Schumacher, D.D. Pp. 324. Price, 8s. 6d.
- The Gospels and Epistles for Sundays and Feasts.* By C. P. Callan, O.P., and J. A. M'Hugh, O.P. Pp. 430. Price, 12s. 6d.
- The Gospel of a Country Pastor.* By Rev. J. M. Lelen. Pp. 196. Price, 4s. 6d.
- A Commentary on Canon Law.* By C. P. Augustine, O.S.B. Vol. VIII. Pp. 572. Price, 12s. 6d.
- Faculties for Pastors and Confessors.* By J. Simon, O.S.M. Pp. 124. Price, 6s.
- H.M. STATIONERY OFFICE, London.  
*Calendar of MSS. preserved at Hatfield.* Part XIV. Pp. xviii, 406. Price, 8s. net.
- LONGMANS, London.  
*Mother Frances Raphael.* Edited by B. Wilberforce, O.P. New Edit. Pp. xii. 572. Price, 12s. 6d. net.
- The Lord of Death.* By M. A. de la Fuije. Pp. 95. Price, 4s. 6d. net (paper, 1s. 6d. net).
- The Older Universities of England.* By Albert Mansbridge. Pp. xxiv. 296. Price, 7s. 6d. net.
- Sacred Verses.* By Margaret G. Ferguson. Pp. 44. Price, 2s. 6d. net.
- Triumph over Pain.* Pp. 128. Price, 3s. net.
- The Betrothal of Felicity.* By F. Drummond. Pp. 324. Price, 7s. 6d. net.
- MACDONALD, London.  
*Poems.* By E. Essex, O.P. Pp. 64. Price, 3s. 6d. net.
- MACMILLAN & Co., London.  
*The Boyhood Consciousness of Christ.* By Rev. P. J. Temple. Pp. ix. 244. Price, 15s.
- MARIETTI, Turin.  
*Maria del Dogma Cattolico.* By Rev. E. Campana. 11th Edit. Pp. 921. Price, 24.00 l.
- Summa Theologica* S. Thoma, *notis selectis ornata.* 17th impression in six volumes. Price, 30.00 l.
- SANDS & Co., London.  
*A Garner of Catechetical Gatherings.* By Rev. A. White. Pp. viii. 164. Price, 3s. 6d. net.
- The Story of the Catholic Church.* By Rev. G. Stebbing. 3rd Edit. Pp. xii. 706. Price, 8s. 6d.
- Within the Enclosure.* By Hester Dalgairn. Pp. 316. Price, 7s.
- The People's Charter.* By T. Crawford. Pp. 48. Price, 1s.
- SOCIETY OF SS. PETER AND PAUL, London.  
*The Anglo-Catholic Case.* By Kenneth Ingram. Pp. 80. Price, 2s. 6d.
- TÉQUI, Paris.  
*Salvons nos Ames.* By Abbé C. Grimaud. 2<sup>e</sup> édit. Pp. 305. Price, 5.00 fr.
- Jeunesse et Pureté.* By Abbé H. Morice. 4<sup>e</sup> édit. Pp. xii. 234. Price, 3.50 fr.
- Miracle et Mystique.* By Dom S. Louismet. Pp. 294. Price, 5.00 fr.
- Cours d'Instructions Dominicales.* By Canon R. Turcan. 3 Vols. Pp. 423, 360, 392. Price, 18.00 fr.
- THE HARRIGAN PRESS, Worcester.  
*Mass.*  
*Father Shealy.* By Michael Earls, S.J. Pp. 46. Price, 4s and 7s c.

